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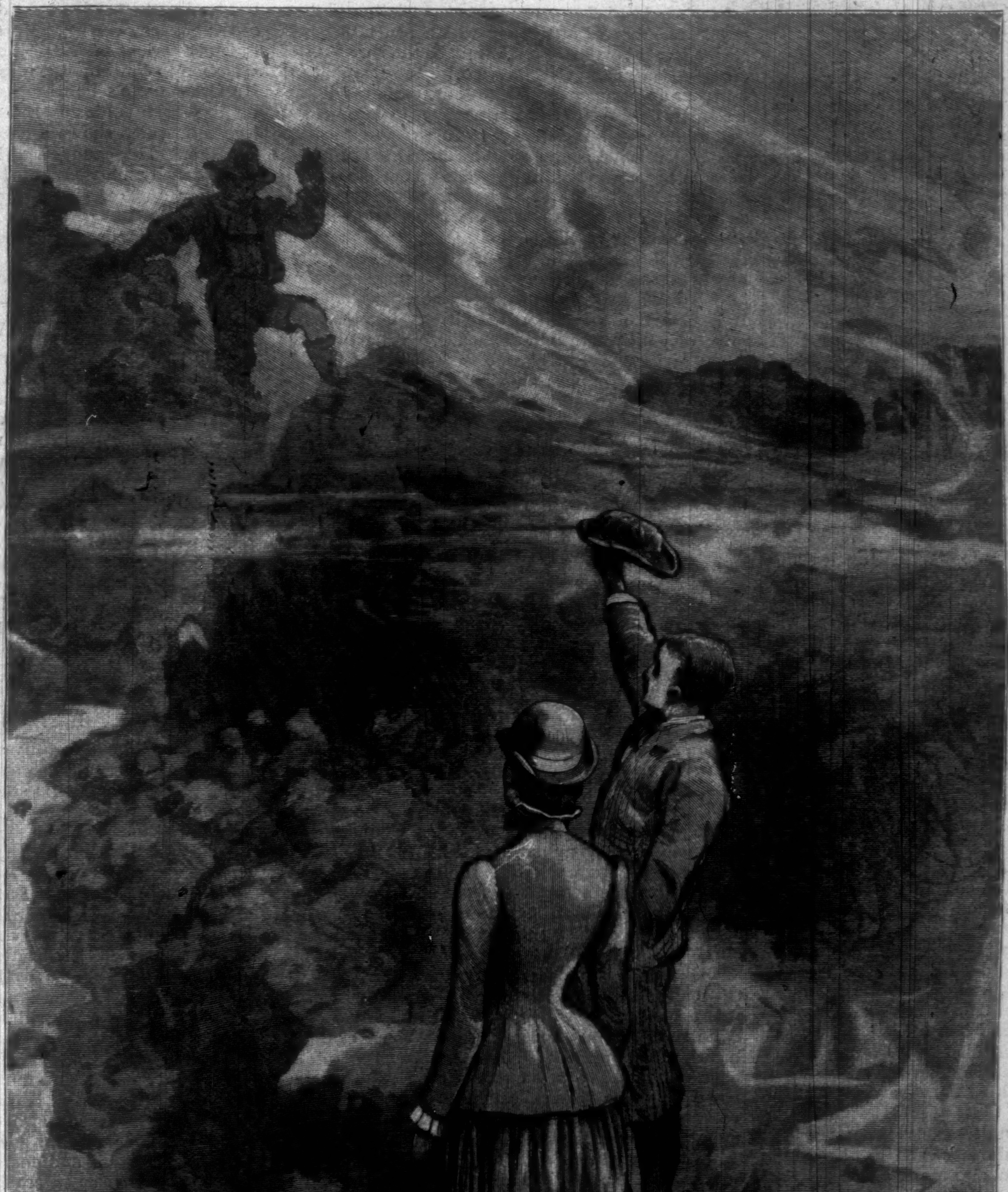

"AND IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD A FIGURE LOOMED UP THROUGH THE MIST."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE CLOUDS.

ALL sorts of extravagant ideas passed through Vidal's head as he walked along the mountain-side with the girl whom he loved and whom he had known for barely three days. Every now and again the mist wreaths parted, showing them some sombre peak towering high overhead or a gleam of gray water from beneath; then they were wrapped once more in a sort of white darkness, through which they could hardly distinguish one another's forms. They seemed so completely alone, so separated from the world and all its conventionalities, that Vidal, upon whom external conditions always possessed a strong influence, felt as if there would be nothing very strange in speaking his heart out and saying, "I love you."

But underlying the impetuosity of his nature there was ever a vein of common-sense, which had preserved him from the commission of many absurdities before then, and he had more reasons than one for knowing that the utterance of those three words must be preceded by a considerable period of reflection. Therefore he did no more than repeat them many times inwardly, and only said aloud: "So you are really going away to-morrow?"

"Yes," answered the girl, with something like a sigh. "I am sorry. It is as if we had come to the end of the holidays, though we are going home."

"It is something to have a home to go to when holiday time is over," remarked Vidal.

"And have you no home? Oh no, I remember you told me that you had rooms in London. That can hardly be like a home, I suppose. You said you had a mother, though."

"Yes, I am blessed with a mother, and also with a sister. But we are three. I am glad to say that we are always very good friends when we meet; but it is doubtful whether we should continue to be so if we lived under one roof. So we don't live under one roof; and in default of a home, I have to make the best of Duke Street, St. James's."

"Well," said the girl, after a short pause, "I suppose most people must be contented with second bests in this world, and ought to be thankful enough if they get as much."

"I don't agree with you in the least!" cried Vidal, with some warmth. "I think there is nothing so fatal to happiness as making up your mind to be contented with something less than what you want."

"But if you can't get what you want?—or if you don't quite know what you want?"

[Continued on page 38.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS,

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1882, 1883, *and* 1884. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

"And here is something dainty and delicious, of which we have grown to be very fond, as it comes into our household like a gleam of sunshine, and its light is reflected from certain little eyes that glow with happiness whenever it appears."—*New York Evangelist.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 20, contains Chapter I. of

"ROLF HOUSE."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," "DICK AND D.," ETC.

There is a very entertaining story by MRS. ADA CARLETON STODDARD, *entitled* "*A Brave Boy*"; MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER *contributes a beautiful poem, entitled* "*Little Ruth's Guest*"; *and in an amusing article called* "*Caught in the Rain,*" MR. FRANK BELLEW *supplies the boys and girls with amusement for some of these long winter evenings.*

A leading place is given to the

"CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION,"

of which there is a full-page illustration drawn by MR. JOHN DURKIN, *accompanied by an article by* MR. ELIOT MCCORMICK.

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A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885.

"LUKEWARMNESS."

THE curious attack of Mr. JONES, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, upon the President's "lukewarmness" during the election; the drift of remark in the Senatorial contest at Albany; the assertion of Mr. EVARTS's indifference to Mr. FOLGER's candidacy in 1882, and Mr. EVARTS's letter announcing his own candidacy for the Senatorship, and his interview explaining the circumstances of his correspondence with Mr. FOLGER—show that the accepted test of Republican fidelity in New York is getting to be unhesitating support and active advocacy of all party nominations, whatever they may be and however made, rather than sincere adherence to party principles. But if this is to be the test, who is to apply it? During the last few years every faction and many of the prominent leaders of the party have taken an airing beyond the strict party lines. Recently the "Half-breed" faction has been dominant in the State. But whence did its name spring but from its suspicious and half-hearted support of party men and measures that it did not like? The old Stalwart machine represented absolute and unconditional subserviency to the party behest as the sole proof of party loyalty. In the State Convention of 1880 Mr. CONKLING personally compelled Mr. WOODIN to say that he would obey the command of the Convention, and Mr. ROBERTSON and his BLAINE associates at the Chicago Convention of that year were hotly denounced as dishonored and treacherous because they refused to obey. But this year even Mr. CONKLING has fallen under suspicion, and many of his Stalwart friends openly bolted.

In 1884 the New York *Tribune* was regarded as the very ideal of Republican orthodoxy, but in 1872, under the same editorship, it supported the Democratic against the Republican Presidential nominations, and covered Mr. HENDRICKS with unqualified praise. In the same year Mr. DEPEW, who is now held in the highest Republican honor, was the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor with the Democratic ex-Senator KERNAN against Governor DIX. Mr. FRANK HISCOCK, also, was in the "Liberal" or opposition ranks with many other excellent gentlemen, all of whom fell under the severest anathemas of the regular or Stalwart machine. In 1882 the same machine, by notorious methods, nominated a personally upright candidate for the Governorship in Mr. FOLGER. Mr. BLAINE wrote a letter to Mr. HARRINGTON in which he plainly intimated that "lukewarmness" would be justifiable, and general "lukewarmness" followed among his especial friends, and the "machine" candidate was overwhelmed. In 1884 Mr. BLAINE was nominated for the Presidency, and the Oneida Stalwart machine Republicans, who had been the most uncompromising advocates of unquestioning support of regular nominations, frankly bolted. Mr. EVARTS, who had at once acquiesced in the nomination of Mr. FOLGER, by whatever means secured, is now put upon his defense for not making speeches for him, and that offense is not held to be condoned by the fact that he did make speeches for a very much more objectionable candidate in the late canvass.

From a single glimpse like this it is evident that if unhesitating and ardent support of all regular Republican nominations, whatever their character and however secured, be the standard of Republican soundness, none of the present factions or leaders would be justified. They have all had their "outings," and taken their turn at being "traitors" and "renegades" and outcasts in general. But why should they wish to be justified by such a test? What could be more humiliating, for instance, for a man wishing to be a Senator of the United States than to find that his election depended, not upon his personal character and public service, not upon his attachment to the principles and purposes of a great and honorable party, but upon his ability and willingness to show that he had earnestly defended all its offenses and advocated and voted for all its unworthy candidates? Such a necessity would be alarming to every patriotic and honorable member of any party which had fallen into such a condition, because it would be the sure sign of party decadence. Can any intelligent Republican, however angry over the defeat of the party candidate, seriously believe that the imposition of such a test will re-invigorate the party? To put the question practically, is it a course more becoming to the party, more in harmony with its character, its original principles, and its traditions, and more promising of future success, to try to retain the Democrats who for various reasons voted for Mr. BLAINE, than to recover the Republicans who for various reasons voted against him? Sensible politicians can answer such a question in one way only. The distinctive significance of the Independent movement is that it was not an enterprise of politicians "on the make." That was the secret of its power. The present course of the Republican party implies an absolute extinction of the spirit of freedom and independence from which it sprang. It is well to remember that the extinction of this spirit in the Democratic party was never so complete as it was twenty-four years ago, when it was excluded from power, and it remained excluded until now, when a new generation has appeared.

AN IMPENDING CHANGE.

THE comments upon the letter of Mr. CLEVELAND in regard to appointments and removals in the civil service show a general conviction that a great practical change in administrative methods is at hand. The spoils system, as it is called, was first put into practice in the State of New York by the old Council of Appointment at the close of the last century. Its enforcement was so rigorous that licenses for auctioneers and charters for banks were distributed by party favor. Before the Constitution of 1821 was framed the spoils system in New York was supreme. When the Legislature met, the paramount question was that of the probable party character of the Council of Appointment. A pamphlet says, in 1819, "This is the great consideration that, like the serpent in the wilderness, devours every other." The council "could sweep the whole civil list throughout the State, and appoint three or four thousand officers in the course of a few hours." The question was not whether the service would be properly performed, but "how will this or that appointment affect the county in which it is made? How will parties in that section of the State stand against another year? What candidate has the most influence? And from what man's disappointment have we most to fear?" The result in the State was a political proscription which, by infuriating party passion, had, as HAMMOND says, "frequently produced a state of feeling in the public mind which threatened a dissolution of the bonds which unite together a civilized and Christian community."

This condition was so intolerable and dangerous that the common-sense of the people of New York intervened, and demanded a change of system. And in 1825 DE WITT CLINTON, in his Message to the Legislature, congratulated the people of the State that "we are emancipated from the thralldom of a system of patronage which formed a component part of our former Constitution, and whose direct tendency and inevitable operation were to agitate the community with incessant convulsions, to make personal gratification the standard of political orthodoxy, to render the State the victim of political machinations at home and abroad, and to convert the very favors conferred by its bounty into the instruments of its vassalage and degradation." In Pennsylvania, Governor MCKEAN, at the close of the century, adopted the mischievous course of the New York Council of Appointment. But in organizing the national government WASHINGTON required no other political qualification than honest acceptance of the new constitutional system. He appointed JOHN LAMB, one of the strongest opponents of the adoption of the Constitution, as the first national Collector at New York, because he was satisfied that the old soldier had sincerely accepted the result.

When Mr. JEFFERSON was elected in 1800 a tremendous pressure was made by his party for "a clean sweep." But he thought it "bad politics," and aimed at what he called an "equilibrium," or equal participation of parties in the civil service. But he did not seek the equilibrium by general removals. The late TRUMAN SMITH, of Connecticut, said, in 1876, that he began practicing law in 1818, and that it was more than fourteen years afterward before he ever heard of any one going to Washington after an office. Up to that time, he says, there had been no removals at the seat of government except for cause, and the tenure was competency and good behavior. Very few removals were made even for cause, and all honest and efficient officers were, of course, re-appointed at the expiration of their respective terms. It was not until the election of JACKSON that the old New York system, summarized in the famous phrase of the New York Senator MARCY, was adopted by the national administration; and once begun, it was, of course, continued. With the rapid and vast increase of patronage the system has been thoroughly organized and extended, leading not only to immense corruption, but tending to the practical overthrow of the control of the government by the people. It is thus one of the most serious of political evils; and it is the determination to continue the reform already begun which Mr. CLEVELAND's letter announces. The earnest of his good faith is his character, his career, and the letter itself, which shows a clear comprehension of the situation. His conduct will be opposed, ridiculed, and carefully misrepresented by the professional politicians in and out of the press, and in both parties. But Mr. CLEVELAND may rely confidently upon the patriotic good sense of the people, who in this reform, as in other great progressive movements, have forced the professional politicians to follow and obey.

THREE EXECUTIVE MESSAGES.

THE year opens with three significant messages from chief executive officers in New York—the Governor of the State and the Mayors of the cities of New York and Brooklyn. They are all peculiarly significant as showing the lull in real politics. For more than twenty years, before, during, and after the war, the Governors' messages were often elaborate political arguments upon various aspects of the great question which made an actual division of parties. But in the present message of the Governor, as well as in those of both Mayors, nothing is more striking than the absence of partisan discussion, and, indeed, Governor HILL says with truth that "freedom from party trammels on the part of the people is the distinguishing feature of the political situation of the present time."

Governor HILL's message, like those of Mayor GRACE and Mayor LOW, is a simple business statement. It tells the people of the State much which they would especially wish to know. The Governor is not afraid to express opinions frankly and positively upon some subjects which will engage the Legislature. But upon some others he is silent, as upon the Niagara Park. In the fewest possible words Mr. CLEVELAND announced to the Legislature his resignation, and so a term of office ends distinguished alike for the circumstances under which it began and those under which it closed, as well as for its character and accomplishment. Governor HILL has been supposed to be more exclusively a party man than his predecessor, and there has been some apprehension that a different spirit would be shown by his administration. The justice of this apprehension remains to be shown, and the Governor's course will be watched very closely by men of both parties.

Mayor GRACE's message shows, as might be expected, a firm grasp of the municipal situation, and the Mayor argues with great force for a spring election, which the Governor also favors. Mayor LOW, in Brooklyn, is equally an adept and master in city affairs, and the tone and character of both the Mayors' papers are such as to emphasize the fact that both cities have proved the possibility of securing a proper depositary of the great trust of the Mayoralty. We are not yet so far gone that good citizens can not control the government of the community if they choose to take the trouble. Nothing in all of the three messages is pleasanter than the hearty testimony to the practical value of the reformed system in the civil service which has been established in the State and in the cities. There must, of course, be mistakes and drawbacks and delays in prosecuting and completing the work. But it is to be noted that the most experienced and able administrative officers are loudest in its praise. The remark of Governor HILL in regard to the practical character of the examinations overlooks the fact that the law requires them to have regard to the character of the employment, and the fact that they have faithfully conformed to this requirement.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

AN important contribution to the original sources of our history is MAVERICK's *Description of New England*, the work of one of the first settlers on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, forming a gazetteer of the various settlements in the colonies, from Pemaquid in Maine to the Swedish plantations upon the Delaware. It was a document furnished by MAVERICK to Sir EDWARD HYDE, who was afterward Earl of Clarendon, and, at the time, CHARLES the Second's Lord High Chancellor. It was intended, perhaps, to furnish the

British government with some intelligible idea of America, and to prevent the official ignorance which is illustrated by the amusing story of the Earl of Newcastle, who was Secretary of State a century later, and whom SMOLLETT ridicules as saying to a military commander from America, who had said that Cape Breton was an island, that he was always bringing good news, and that he would hurry off and tell the King that Cape Breton was an island.

MAVERICK'S *Description* was found by Mr. HENRY FITZ-GILBERT WATERS, an American antiquary living in London, to whom we owe also the discovery of the WINTHROP map. Mr. WATERS carries on his labors with the support of a fund raised under the auspices of the Historic-Genealogical Society, and his researches have been so truly useful and valuable that the discontinuance of his service to historical inquiry would be so great a misfortune that it is to be earnestly hoped the society will be aided by generous subscriptions toward his work. Mr. WATERS's genealogical gleanings are constantly published in the *Register*, which is full of interesting details for the curious historical student.

THE "CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER."

WE gladly welcome the *Civil Service Reformer*, a handsome monthly journal, issued by the Reform Association of Maryland, and of which the first number is just published. It will be furnished for fifty cents a year, but there is nothing else cheap in the paper, which, from the promise of the first number, will be an admirable and efficient ally of the civil service *Record*, which has been published in Boston for three or four years.

Both the *Reformer* and the *Record* will be found very useful by everybody who is interested in a public question of the first importance, because they furnish an index of the details of the progress of the movement, and are devoted exclusively to discussion of the principles and methods of reform. Thus there are capital articles in the first number of the *Reformer* upon the questions, what civil service reform is, whether the examinations are a test of fitness, and whether Maryland needs a civil service reform bill.

That so excellent and attractive a journal, and at a price so very moderate, should be issued in Baltimore by the Maryland Association, is a significant sign of the times. The political Bourbons may well stare and sneer, but staring and sneering will not avail. The cause of civil service reform is the cause of the people against professional politicians. It is the cause of good government and honest politics against jobbery and corruption, and the more it is understood the swifter will be its complete triumph.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

THE reader will be surprised to see the singular resemblance of General DIAZ, the newly inaugurated President of Mexico, to the best type of earnest and vigorous Englishmen or Americans. Yet he is a full-blooded native Mexican, belonging to the race whose name has become with us the synonym of incapacity, the Aztecs. His election has been hailed with general joy, for the late President, GONZALES, was held to be a corrupt and despotic chief, and it was not certain that a change of the Chief Magistracy could be effected without revolution.

The Constitution of Mexico prohibits two successive terms of the Presidency. But as the poorer part of the people take little interest in politics, and the more prosperous class is small, a President who controls the army may easily become a very troublesome personage if he should be disposed for mischief. But GONZALES withdrew quietly, and that he should have driven away in his own carriage from the national palace without disturbance is mentioned as a sign of the progress of the people in respect for lawful and orderly methods of change.

Mexico is suffering great industrial and commercial depression, and the situation is very difficult for the new President. The spirit of general progress does not characterize the people, and an energetic and intelligent man of great administrative talent is in danger of advancing faster than the national feeling would authorize. General DIAZ is very popular, and no man in the country could do more, probably, than he. His face, as the portrait shows, is that of a thoroughly modern man. His feeling for the United States is most friendly, and no one can look at his portrait without interest in him or without hearty good wishes for the success of his administration.

WHAT MR. REED WOULD CALL A GROUP OF SNEAKS.

THE experience of every government office and department, when they are relieved of the dictation of politicians and members of Congress, and are permitted to be regulated upon business principles, shows that the reformed system in the civil service is the natural and sensible system. Looking recently at the Register of the State Department at Washington, we found an interesting illustration of this fact.

The three Assistant Secretaries of State served in subordinate positions in the department. All the chiefs of bureaus and the chief clerk have been promoted from subordinate places. All the higher grades of clerkships have been filled by promotion, and almost all the clerks in the department entered it on probation as temporary clerks. It is a tradition of the department that the clerks take no active part in politics. The contribution by a clerk of twenty dollars to the campaign fund in 1880 is held to be rather an exceptional fact, and very few of the clerks vote. It is because of this abstinence from partisan activity in the clerical force of the department that the pressure for place within it is less stringent, and it is even said that Mr. MARCY, the author of the famous phrase, "To the victor belong the spoils," when he became Secretary of State, refused to make partisan removals.

It is a misfortune for the interests of the service that the chiefs and assistant chiefs of divisions in all the departments were excepted from the operation of the rules of the reformed system. They are officers who were originally appointed to the lowest grade, and have risen by regular promotion through the various grades. Their capacity and fitness have been tested in the most satisfactory and conclusive manner, and they represent the skilled labor of the departments. Their places could not be filled so advantageously for the service either from the present subordinates or from new and utterly inexperienced persons, and when they have not been improperly active in political contention, the welfare of the public service requires their retention. The Civil Service Commission has wisely preferred to begin their work within a range of places for which they could properly provide, rather than to attempt everything at once. But the time has now arrived when the rules should be extended to various classes of officers, including the chiefs of divisions, employés in the postal railway service, and in other branches. The President, under the circumstances, may naturally prefer not to act, since his motives would be misconstrued, and he might seem to be attempting to forestall the action of his successor. But his successor has shown plainly enough his sympathy with every reasonable extension of the classified service such as this would be.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PROPOSED FUND.

WE alluded last week to the efforts of General SHERMAN and other personal friends of General GRANT to secure to him the official memorials of the national gratitude for his patriotic services which were in danger of being sold to satisfy judgments. It is now stated that the generous purpose of General SHERMAN has been accomplished, and intelligence of the fact will be received with universal satisfaction.

Some of General GRANT'S friends, also, had proposed to raise a fund for presentation to him, but in a brief and manly letter the General states that he deems it due to himself and to his family to decline the proffered generosity. Like his refusal of a pension, his letter declining the proposed relief will renew the public sympathy for his recent misfortunes, and commend him still more closely to public regard.

The circumstances which have prompted these movements suggest once more and very strongly the question of the propriety of a retiring pension for the President. A fund, indeed, was privately raised for General GRANT, and it is gratifying to know that he will be spared the anxieties which darkened the declining years of JEFFERSON and MONROE. But no President should be subjected to the chance of such anxieties. There are retiring pensions for the highest judges at a certain age, and there is no good reason against a proper provision for the President upon his retirement. The claims of General GRANT upon the national gratitude are so peculiar, and his patriotic services were so great, that his retirement from the Presidency would have been a most fitting time for making such provision.

THE GERMAN OPERA.

THERE is no doubt of the great success of the German opera this winter in New York, and it is due in great part to the same cause as the successes of Mr. IRVING—the careful and thorough preparation and consideration of every detail. An actor or a singer can not now "carry" a play or an opera. The modern taste demands the symmetry and proportion without which there is no illusion. Mr. IRVING'S first care evidently is the presentation of the play as a whole, and not merely as the setting of a single player, and it is the accomplishment of this purpose which makes the impression of satisfaction with all the plays that he presents.

Dr. DAMROSCH has the same regard for detail and harmony of parts. Every opera is carefully mounted, and every part in it is carefully filled. The whole is not sacrificed to any part, and for the first time we have the German opera produced with more stage management, and even with sincerer enthusiasm among the singers, than the Italian. Madame MATERNA, who at the THOMAS festival, and last year at the THOMAS concerts, made so great an impression, has returned only to confirm it as one of the extraordinary DAMROSCH company.

The untutored children of nature from the wild and free prairies, whose home is in the setting sun and whose family name is Pogram, are occasionally heard again this season, raising a war-whoop of chatter and giggle in some of the boxes. But the good breeding of the audience instantly reminds them that if they venture into civilized resorts they must force themselves to behave civilly. These strangers from the prairie are amusing, and it is pleasant to see that even their extraordinary manners are capable of restraint by judicious discipline.

PERSONAL.

THE first art scholarship ever instituted in this country will yield an income of $500 a year from the Harper-Hallgarten Fund. It was presented to Mr. E. L. MAJOR at the rooms of the Art Students' League on the 7th of January in the presence of an assemblage of artists and their friends. Interesting addresses were made by Professor FELIX ADLER, Mr. F. D. MILLET, Mr. J. CARROLL BECKWITH, and Mr. W. J. STILLMAN. If ever there was an art atmosphere, it pervaded the pleasant rooms on that occasion. Mr. MAJOR received warm congratulations, especially from the trustees and the jury of the fund, who were seated upon the platform, and from his associates of both sexes in the Art Students' League. He will leave at once for a two years' sojourn in Paris and other foreign capitals. He is rather above the average height, and has an erect, well-proportioned figure, dark hair, smooth face, and intelligent eyes.

—Mr. O. B. BUNCE is finishing a novel of contemporaneous life in New York, entitled *Adventures of Timias Terrystone*. The hero is a painter who, in the freshness of youth, is set afloat upon the current, and borne along to his destiny without mystery, tragedy, or crime. Several of the situations are idyllic, and the treatment is picturesque in low tones.

—Mr. ROBERT BROWNING to a lady who asked for the date of Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING's birth: "I know neither the day, month, nor year of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING's birth. It is a subject upon which I have never had the slightest curiosity."

—A New York author was announcing to a friend the speedy publication of a new book by himself. "I will startle you," replied the friend; "I intend to *buy* a copy of that book." The author confessed that he was surprised. Most of his friends, he said, thought enough of him to accept his books when he gave them; but the announcement of an intention to buy one was new to him.

—Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON'S seventy-fifth birthday was the occasion of much congratulation on the part of his friends, some of the most distinguished of whom attended a reception in his honor at the house of Dr. J. P. MANN. The famous abolitionist is the only survivor of the twelve founders of the American Antislavery Society. Brief addresses were delivered by the Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK and the Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, the latter expressing the hope that Mr. JOHNSON would live a hundred years. Mr. JOHNSON replied that such was his determination.

—Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is no stranger to this country, where he enjoys the respect and affection of hundreds of admirers, every one of whom is hoping that his present visit will be as successful financially as it is bound to be socially. We can not, however, congratulate the English public on his intention to abandon the profession of journalism, in which for more than a quarter of a century he has stood with the very foremost.

—A celebrated cook died recently in Paris, leaving a fortune of $50,000 to his two nephews on condition that they should inscribe on his tombstone one of his best cookery recipes, in order, as he said, that persons desirous of useful knowledge might obtain it by visiting a cemetery. The French Epitaph Commission will not permit such an inscription, and the unhappy heirs are likely to lose the money.

—Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT commends the claimant TICHBORNE because, "unlike the ordinary bogus aristocrat, he never 'flashed his rank'; that is to say, when he walked or talked with other prisoners he did not 'put on airs,' or adopt the patronizing manners which, both outside as well as in prison, usually denote alike the parvenu and the impostor."

—Lord TENNYSON dedicates his play *Becket* to Lord SELBORNE: "To you, the honored Chancellor of our own day, I dedicate this memorial of your great predecessor, which, although not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre, has nevertheless—for so you have assured me—won your approbation."

—Fifty years ago the late GEORGE C. BENNETT, founder of the Brooklyn *Times*, was a penniless lad from England. He died a successful man of affairs, an influential politician, widely respected, intimately associated with great public enterprises, rich, and honored. His career is a brilliant exposition of the potencies of this free republic, and his best monument is the prosperous journal of which he was so proud. A widow and seven grown-up children survive him.

—The citizens of Stanley County, North Carolina, are preparing to receive Mrs. GARFIELD, who owns a gold mine in that region, and expects soon to visit it. Her welcome will be cordial both for her own sake and that of her martyred husband.

—An order has been given for a gold medal, upon one side of which will appear a medallion of WENDELL PHILLIPS, with the dates of his birth and death, and on the reverse side the seal of Boston, to be presented to Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS for his eulogy upon Mr. PHILLIPS in that city in April last.

—At the annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church, Mr. BEECHER said: "I congratulate myself and I congratulate you on this auspicious evening, which all good men long for all the year. To-night, in order to express a welcome to you, we have selected two handsome men [Mr. H. B. CLAFLIN and Mr. S. V. WHITE] to sit on the platform. They are now disputing over the honor. The conditions of the sale will be read to you by our veteran auctioneer [Mr. E. E. HOYT], who has been with us for love and money for many years." In spite of the hard times, the sum total of receipts was only about three thousand dollars less than last year, which shows that Mr. BEECHER'S hold on his congregation is as strong as ever.

—A brave woman, Madame DE VALSAYRE, wishes to become a martyr to science. She has written to M. PASTEUR, the celebrated vivisectionist, of her readiness to be a subject for his experiments in hydrophobia. "If you reply in the affirmative," she says, "I shall not hesitate to submit to anything you may propose, and am willing to come and live under your eyes, if you think necessary." The Greeks would have immortalized such a woman in sculpture and in verse, after allowing her to carry out her heroic resolve. But the moderns, though worshipping science, would not permit the sacrifice.

—Mr. HAYES was the only President of the United States since Mr. LINCOLN who did not smoke tobacco. President-elect CLEVELAND is a smoker, as were Presidents JOHNSON, GRANT, and GARFIELD, and as is President ARTHUR.

—SHAKESPEARE'S house at Stratford-on-Avon is so decrepit that recently it had to be shored up with timber. There are no funds for permanently keeping the celebrated building from tumbling into the street, but it is not probable that England will let it.

—Chief Justice WAITE'S family physician is a lady homœopathist named Mrs. WINSLOW. During his present serious attack of erysipelas she has attended him faithfully, and everybody trusts that she will soon bring him through safe and sound. The Chief Justice is now absent from his official duties for the first time in ten years.

—The British Parliament is to be asked for a dowry of $150,000 and an annuity of $30,000 for the Princess BEATRICE on the occasion of her marriage to Prince HENRY of Battenberg. The money will undoubtedly be voted by the usual large majority.

—Ex-Vice-President WILLIAM A. WHEELER is in feeble health, wifeless, and childless, at his old home in Malone, Franklin County, New York.

—"When my mother," writes Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, "was preparing her husband's journals for publication, it was her habit frequently to consult with me as to the propriety of admitting or excluding certain passages; and among others the extract about MARGARET FULLER came up for consideration. She had copied it out ready for publication, but it was finally decided to suppress it, for MARGARET and Mrs. HAWTHORNE had been well acquainted, and the former's conduct toward the latter had frequently been marked by deficiency of good taste, to say the least, so that this might have been construed in the light of a revenge taken upon the dead. We concluded, therefore, that it should be published, if at all, only when a complete biography was written."

—Professor GOLDWIN SMITH has been misrepresented by a report that he had written indignantly to a Toronto paper concerning the *personnel* of the visitors who came over with the British Association. We have the best of reasons for saying that he has not written to any paper on the subject, and that the report is unfounded.

—Wisdom from OSCAR WILDE: "It is quite true that as long as a woman's lower garments are suspended from the hips, a corset is an absolute necessity; the mistake lies in not suspending all apparel from the shoulders. In the latter case a corset becomes useless, the body is left free and unconfined for respiration and motion; there is more health, and consequently more beauty. Indeed, all the most ungainly and uncomfortable articles of dress that fashion in her folly has ever prescribed, not the light corset merely, but the farthingale, the vertugadin, the hoop, the crinoline, and that modern monstrosity, the so-called 'dress improver,' also, have all owed their origin to the same error, the error of not seeing that it is from the shoulders, and from the shoulders only, that all garments should be hung."

"TAKING TOLL."—From the Picture by Henry Bacon.

THE LATE DR. SCHENCK.

Dr. Noah Hunt Schenck, for sixteen years rector of St. Ann's, one of the largest of the Protestant Episcopal churches in Brooklyn, died on the 4th inst., in his sixtieth year. He was born near Trenton, New Jersey, on the 30th of June, 1825. At the age of fifteen he entered the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, and graduated in 1844. He adopted the law as his profession, and began practice in Trenton. In 1848 he removed to Cincinnati, and, after practicing there for three years, decided to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

After a course of study in the Theological Seminary at Gambier, Ohio, he preached at Hillsborough, Ohio, and was afterward settled for a time in Gambier. In 1857 he became rector of Trinity Church, Chicago. While in that city he founded and edited the *Western Churchman*. In 1859 he accepted a call to Emanuel Church, Baltimore, where he remained until he became rector of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, in 1867.

In 1865 Dr. Schenck received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater. He travelled several times in Europe, and was the author of several works of travels and sermons.

St. Ann's is the oldest Episcopal church in that city. It was started in 1787, and worship was first held in a frame structure in Fulton Street, near Clark Street. In 1795 it was incorporated as St. Ann's Church, in honor of Mrs. Ann Sands, whose husband gave a site for a new edifice at Sands and Washington streets. Two structures were built there. One was damaged by an explosion in a powder mill near it, and the other was removed to make way for the Bridge approach. In the same year that Dr. Schenck was called as rector the foundations of the present fine edifice at Clinton and Livingston streets were laid, and two years later the building was opened for services. It cost $350,000, and is one of the finest and largest churches in Brooklyn.

Dr. Schenck was an earnest and zealous clergyman, untiring in his work, and beloved by all who knew him. His manner was frank, genial, and engaging. Poverty and sickness always found in him a sympathetic friend. Mr. Beecher well said of him, in speaking of his death, "he was a good citizen, a good friend, and a loyal Christian gentleman." His church and congregation were warmly attached to him, and his decease has carried sorrow into a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

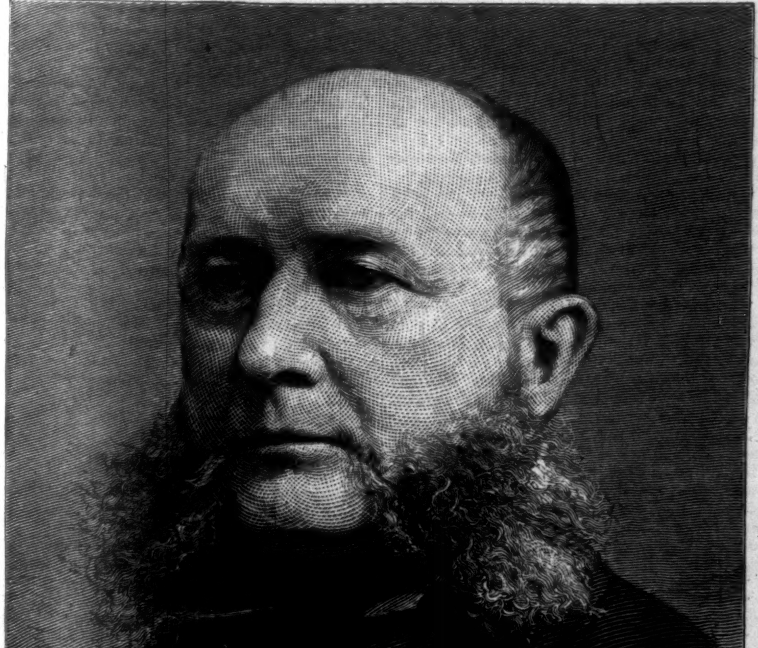
THE NEW SPEAKER.

The Hon. George Z. Erwin, the new Speaker of the New York Assembly, has had several years' experience in the Legislature. He was born at Madrid, St. Lawrence County, in this State, on the 15th of January, 1840. His early education was obtained at an academy in Potsdam, and he then entered upon a course of study at Middlebury College, Vermont.

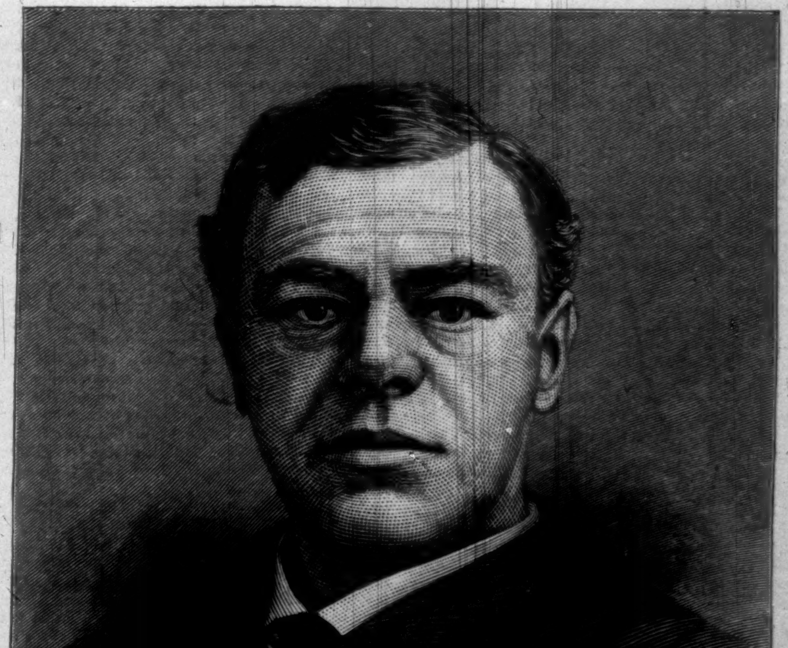
Upon graduating from that institution, Mr. Erwin, then in his twenty-fifth year, tried for a brief period the occupation of farming, but finding the life not sufficiently attractive, he soon left it for the study of law. In a very short time he established a large and lucrative practice in his own section of the State.

Mr. Erwin has been connected with the Republican party since his entrance into public life. He was first elected to the State Assembly in 1881. Re-elected in 1882, he served during his second term on the Committee of Ways and Means, the Sub-committee of the Whole, and the special committee appointed to investigate receiverships. He was again elected in 1883 by a majority of 1702 votes over his Democratic competitor, and again served on several important committees, including that of Ways and Means. In the latter Mr. Erwin served with ability and energy among such veteran and young reformers as Littlejohn of Oswego, O'Neil of Franklin, Smith of Clinton, Howe of New York, Boynton of Essex, and Welch of Niagara. He was also a member of the special committee of investigation known as the "Roosevelt Committee," and was one of Roosevelt's most active and efficient aids in all the work of framing and passing the reform measures for the city of New York. Last year he was again elected, and was the Republican choice for Speaker.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.—From a Photograph by Maya & Co.—[See Page 35.]



THE LATE DR. NOAH HUNT SCHENCK.—From a Photograph by G. Frank E. Pearsall.



THE HON. GEORGE Z. ERWIN, SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.—Photographed by Notman.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

[*Continued from front page.*]

"If you don't know, you are in a bad way, I admit; but surely it ought not to be very difficult to find out; and then it depends almost entirely upon yourself, I believe, whether you get it or not. There are very few things, except good health, of which a man can say that it is impossible that he should ever gain them."

"Ah, a man—perhaps. But a woman is in a very different position. It is not always possible for her to control her destiny; and even if it were, she might shrink from consulting only her own interests."

"Are you speaking of yourself?" asked Vidal, abruptly.

Miss Irvine laughed. "Oh," she said, "my destiny is a very uncertain affair as yet, and at any rate I have this advantage over you, that I am quite satisfied with my home. I wonder whether you will ever see it? Polruth is rather out of the world; but numbers of people—quite ten families, I should think—come down every summer now for the sea-bathing; and it is admitted that ours is the finest coast in England in point of scenery."

"I have been for a long time meditating a tour in Cornwall," said Vidal, with pardonable mendacity. "Perhaps I might be able to illustrate my theory of being able to do what I want to do by turning up in your neighborhood some time in August."

"Oh, I wish you would!" cried Miss Irvine, displaying more frank cordiality than was quite agreeable to her would-be lover. "If you came in August, Mr. Heriot would be able to with us, most likely; so that we should be able to offer you that additional attraction. Do try to manage it. I wish we could give you a room; but I am afraid all the boys will be at home then. However, we could easily find tolerable quarters for you in the village."

She went on talking about Polruth and about Cornish manners and customs with a good deal of animation, hardly allowing Vidal to get in a word edgeways. Evidently she was desirous of avoiding the more serious subject which they had begun to discuss; and this excited her companion's curiosity, and made him determine to reintroduce it at the earliest opportunity. However, she spared him that trouble by recurring to it herself, after a time. They had reached a point near the Rigi Staffel, and, the veil of mist having lifted for a moment, were looking down upon a motionless sea of cloud, out of which dim mountain-tops rose like islands here and there.

"According to you," Miss Irvine began, abruptly, "one has only to wish for a thing with sufficient energy and one is pretty sure to get it. That may be so; but surely, without being at all heroically unselfish, one must be guided a little by what others wish. One's own happiness ought not to be the sole aim and object of one's life."

"I don't say that it should; although, as a matter of fact, happiness, present or future, is exactly what everybody does pursue. Of course happiness admits of many definitions. Some people, I firmly believe, get it by simply satisfying their appetites; others find it in doing their duty, or in sacrificing themselves for the benefit of their neighbors."

"I can't think that any one would sacrifice himself merely because he expected to be the happier for doing so. But perhaps a sacrifice might cease to be a sacrifice if it gave a great deal of pleasure to those whom one cared most about in the world."

"That would depend upon what it involved, I should say. But the fact is that we are at cross-purposes, Miss Irvine. I was speaking generally, whereas you are thinking of some particular instance."

"No; at least, I was thinking of something—but it doesn't signify," answered the girl, rather incoherently. "Ought we not to be going back?"

Vidal looked at his watch, and found that they certainly ought. They had but ten minutes in which to retrace their steps; and very soon the imprudence of indulging in day-dreams and propounding vague theories while walking through a fog was brought home to him. He did not like to tell Miss Irvine that he had utterly lost his bearings, but when he had spent a quarter of an hour in hurrying her hither and thither, the admission was superfluous.

"Mr. Vidal," she said, calmly, "have you the slightest idea of where we are?"

"If you insist upon the truth," answered Vidal, half laughing, "I must confess that I have not."

"Then hadn't you better shout until some one comes?"

It really seemed the only thing to be done. There was something rather humiliating in shrieking for assistance, and also in being lost upon a mountain which is traversed by two lines of railway and sprinkled all over with hotels; but the awkwardness of the predicament that they were in was more apparent to Vidal than to Miss Irvine; besides which, he had just a faint hope of being able to stop the train, if he could make their whereabouts known.

This hope died away after he had shouted himself hoarse without eliciting any response, and he was beginning to feel as uncomfortable as he ever felt in his life when he was startled by a stentorian bellow, proceeding from some point only a few yards away, and immediately afterward a figure loomed up through the mist, which proved to be that of a native, who had been sent up from the hotel to search for the wanderers. The train had left some time since, he explained; and as, unfortunately, it was the last one, the *Herrschaft* had gone down in it. But he could take them down by some short-cuts, and there was a boat from Weggis at seven o'clock, which they could easily catch, if the lady did not mind the walk.

It was only too plain that, whether the lady minded it or not, the walk would have to be undertaken, and Vidal's contrition was so deep and unfeigned that a far less amiable person than Miss Irvine must needs have pardoned him.

"It was not your fault," she said; "and I am quite accustomed to rough walking and wet weather. So long as we catch the boat, there will be no harm done."

Whether she realized the situation in all its bearings, Vidal hardly knew; but, for his own part, he was a good deal vexed, feeling that he had not only let slip the opportunity of saying many things to her which he would have liked to say, but that he had probably put in serious jeopardy the position that he had won in Miss Irvine's good graces.

Their guide was hastening down-hill at a jog-trot which made conversation all but impossible; and Miss Irvine declined the young man's repeated offers of assistance, declaring that she was perfectly well able to take care of herself, and begging only that no time might be lost; but he took advantage, at last, of a short stretch of level ground to turn round and say, "I hope your mother will not be very angry with me."

To which she replied: "Oh dear no! Why should she be? She will not even be angry with me. My mother is very good-natured."

Vidal could but trust that the old lady might prove worthy of the character attributed to her; but he felt very ill at ease and ashamed of himself; and when at length they reached Weggis, weary, muddy, and wet, it was a great relief to him to find only Heriot waiting for them on the landing-stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, it appeared, had been persuaded to go on to Lucerne by the last boat, and Heriot was too glad to see the truants back safe and sound to scold either of them; but Vidal, knowing the man, saw that he was more annoyed than he wished to show, and as soon as they were on board the steamer, he took occasion to apologize.

"I'm awfully sorry to have kept you standing about there in the rain, old man; but I didn't do it on purpose, you know."

"Oh, the waiting was nothing," Heriot said.

"I didn't give Miss Irvine that long walk on purpose either, as far as that goes."

His friend was silent for a minute or two, and then remarked, "Well; they are going away to-morrow."

"So that I sha'n't be able to do it again, do you mean?" asked Vidal, laughing.

"I mean that I am very glad they are going away," answered Heriot; and Vidal did not see fit to press him for an explanation.

CHAPTER VI.

"SI JE VOUS LE DISAIS."

Mrs. Irvine was perhaps less particular or less suspicious than the generality of mothers. At all events, she did not seem to think that Vidal's heedlessness called for any blame; but, on the contrary, began to beg his pardon for having run away and left him in the lurch. "Mr. Irvine did want to set out in search of you," she said; "but, you know, if I had let him do that I should have had to go and look for him, and then somebody else would have had to look for me, and there would have been no end to it. So I persuaded him to come straight back; and afterward I was particularly glad that I had done so, because we met the Skeffingtons at the *table d'hôte*—do you happen to know General Skeffington?—such a nice man!—and he was very encouraging about poor Charley. Charley is my second boy, who has failed for the army, poor fellow! General Skeffington says he isn't in the least surprised. I mean, he thinks that all these examinations are great nonsense, and that an officer ought not to be a bookworm. Fortunately, there is still the militia, so that we need not despair."

Mrs. Irvine had innumerable acquaintances, whom she utilized, or thought that she utilized, to assist her in beating the equally innumerable quantity of iron which she always had in the fire. The smooth things prophesied to her by General Skeffington and the prospects of the unlearned Charley occupied all her conversation until she bade Vidal good-night; and the young man felt that he had been let off cheaply.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, he was at the station to say good-by to his new friends. Heriot, intending to break the journey at Bâle, had decided to leave by a later train. It was not without a certain sinking of the heart that our hero followed Miss Irvine, whose travelling bag and cloak he was carrying, across the platform. The three days' romance was at an end, he thought, sadly. Yesterday he had not been far from declaring his love; to-day it seemed impossible that he could ever have dreamed of doing so insane a thing. For what was he, or could he be, to her but a stranger in whose company a few hours had been spent, more or less agreeably—at best, one whom she might have learned to like, if chance had thrown them together for a longer time?

They had to part now, like the mere acquaintances that they were. And then he thought how beautiful she was, and how, as a matter of course, others besides himself must be captivated by her beauty; and something seemed to tell him that she was reserved for a higher destiny than he could offer. So opposite are the influences exercised by a mountain-top and a railway station! As he helped her to arrange her paraphernalia and mechanically uttered the commonplaces suitable to the occasion, Alfred de Musset's lines kept ringing in his head—"*Si je vous le disais, pourtant, que je vous aime!*" Did she understand at all? he wondered. And, supposing that she could be made to understand, would she be surprised, or angry, or only amused? At any rate, it was certain that no hint could be conveyed in the midst of all that hurry and bustle. He was obliged to get out of the carriage to make room for Mr. and Mrs. Irvine; and to them, too, some last words had to be spoken. The old gentleman roused himself to say that his clubs were the Athenæum and the Oxford and Cambridge, and that he hoped Mr. er—er—Ryder would look him up when he was in London; and then Mrs. Irvine broke in with, "Oh, but Mr. Vidal is going to pay Cornwall a visit. Mr. Heriot, do you know that he talks of being in our parts in August?"

"Oh!" said Heriot, rather dryly.

"Yes; and I was thinking about what rooms there were in Polruth; and I feel sure that old Mrs. Treweeke would be just the person. A most respectable old creature, and would do her very best to make you comfortable—lost both her sons in a mining accident, poor thing! so that one would be glad to do her a good turn; only, perhaps, you ought to lock the wine up, you know—just as a precaution, that's all. But I will make a point of writing to you about it. Have you got one of your cards? Duke Street, St. James's—thank you so much! And you'll bear in mind that Italian governess, won't you? Signora Lisetto, or Stiletto, or something like that—however, all particulars can be had on application to me. Good-by—so glad to have met you! Good-by, Mr. Heriot."

And now there was only time to repeat the same melancholy word to Miss Irvine, and to catch her last smile and nod, before the train began to move. Vidal stood looking after it with mournful eyes, and murmuring to himself, "*Si je vous le disais, pourtant, que je vous aime, Qui sait, brune aux yeux bleus, ce que vous en diriez?*"

He was roused by Heriot's voice, which sounded a little harshly, saying, "Come and sit down somewhere in the shade, Adrian; I want to talk to you."

"You say that as if you intended to give me a tremendous rowing," remarked Vidal, as he took his friend's arm. "Have I been misbehaving myself?"

"Ah, that is just what I don't know," answered Heriot; "and that is what I want you to tell me."

But as Vidal only laughed, without replying, the other said no more until they had passed out of the station and had found an unoccupied bench near the lake, when he resumed, abruptly: "Well, how far has it gone?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, pardon me, my dear fellow, I think you do know. You and I understand one another pretty well at this time of day, and I am not going to make any apologies for my impertinence."

"Certainly not. But all the same, I *don't* know what you mean. In one sense—so far as I am concerned, that is—it has gone very far indeed; about as far as it could go. I don't mind telling you that; and, in fact, I should have told you, whether you had asked me or not. In another sense it hasn't gone on at all; it hasn't begun."

Heriot stroked his beard and sighed. "I hope you won't go down to Cornwall," he said, presently.

"Why not? Can you give me any good reason why I shouldn't? I don't understand you. Look here, Heriot, you won't mind my asking, will you? Have you any—any feeling for her yourself?"

"I have such a feeling for her as a middle-aged man, who is dying of angina pectoris, may have for a beautiful girl upon the threshold of life," answered Heriot, quietly; "and you must remember that it was I who took the responsibility of introducing you to her. As for giving you good reasons for letting a flirtation of three days drop now—"

"It has not been a flirtation," interrupted the younger man, eagerly. "Believe me or not as you like, she is the only woman whom I have ever loved, and whether I have known her three days or three years is nothing to the purpose."

"Well, well— But I can give you the good reasons, nevertheless. To begin with—and, for the matter of that, I suppose we might end with it too, for it's painfully conclusive—you are not well enough off to marry."

"I have six hundred a year."

"That is what I say. You have six hundred a year, and stinginess has never been one of your defects. You know very well that it is all you can do to live upon your income as a bachelor. To bring up a family upon it would be so wildly impossible that I can't believe you have seriously contemplated such a thing."

It struck Vidal that this was taking time by the forelock with a vengeance. "I confess that I haven't given much thought to the family," he answered, with a slight laugh; "but as for my income, I hope it won't remain stationary. I have added to it a little already from time to time, and I mean to add to it in a more systematic way now, if I can."

"By writing?"

"Why not? Men have made money by writing before now."

"How many men—and how much money? You know I am not altogether ignorant of literary matters; I have written a little myself at odd times."

"But not novels."

"Not novels, certainly; still I know something of the experience of novelists. It isn't altogether a question of merit; so I may say, without casting any reflection upon you, that the chances are very much against your ever making a living at that trade."

"Yet you recommended it."

"As being preferable to none; I know I did. I was sure that you could write what I should consider a good novel; but I can't answer for the opinion of the public, which pays. All I wish to point out is that the prospect is an uncertain one; and you yourself will admit that much."

"I admit that all beginners must be uncertain of success. But, Heriot, doesn't it occur to you that you are taking a great deal too much for granted? You talk as if winning Miss Irvine's love would be the easiest thing in the world—as if I had only to throw the handkerchief. It seems to me that you are as far from understanding her as you are from realizing that poverty is only a relative evil."

"I venture to look upon poverty as a positive evil," said Heriot. "As for Clara Irvine—well, since we are alone, I will speak plainly and without regard for your blushes. You are very good-looking, my dear Adrian, and you are also clever and amiable, so that a young woman who should fall in love with you could hardly be accused of bad taste. I don't think it is taking too much for granted to assume that this particular young woman is liable to be attracted by what attracts others, and that is why I say that you are bound to consider consequences. The thing isn't done yet; just stop and think a little before you do it. And there's something more that I should like to say to you. I heard yesterday from Mrs. Irvine that Clare has it open to her to make an excellent marriage. It seems that in the course of their wanderings they fell in with a man named Wilbraham, whom I know a little, and who is a thoroughly good fellow in every way. He has the advantage of being rich and well connected, and I suppose no parents can be indifferent to such things. He proposed to Clare when they were at Rome, and although she began by refusing him, she afterward seemed disposed to change her mind; and the long and the short of it is that he hasn't yet received his final answer."

"Oh, is that it?" said Vidal. "Now I understand."

He was thinking of what the girl had said to him the day before, and he shuddered at the idea that she was in danger of throwing away her life to please her mother, whom, in his haste, he set down as greedy and scheming.

Heriot, who could not follow his thoughts, went on:

"You understand the nature of the case now. She is just upon the point of accepting a man who will make the kindest and best of husbands, when, lo and behold! down drops a good-looking pauper from the clouds, and sets to work to unsettle her mind. Don't you think the good-looking pauper would do well to betake himself to Jericho?"

"I dare say I might think so if I were her father," answered Vidal; "but I am not her father—nor are you. Would you like to see her marry a man whom she doesn't love because he is rich, and may help her brothers on in the world? For I take it that that is the English of the matter."

"No," answered Heriot. "I shouldn't like that, and I doubt very much whether she would do it, either. What I should like her to do would be to love the man. She certainly can't be very far off loving him or she wouldn't hesitate."

"I don't see that at all; but if it is as you say, she will have ceased to hesitate before I can meet her again. So that I am powerless to do her any harm—or good. If only I had known yesterday as much as I know now!"

"What would you have done?"

"I should have told her that I loved her. She would have refused me, without any doubt; but it is just possible that my speaking might, as you say, have 'unsettled her mind'; and that would have been something."

Heriot clasped his hands behind his head, stared up at the sky, and whistled a tune.

"Why do you do that?" asked Vidal, irritably.

"To keep myself from being so rude as to say what I think of you."

Vidal laughed. "Now, Heriot, that's humbug. The sort of generosity which you ask of me would be no generosity at all. It is quite comprehensible that you should wish me to marry Miss Irvine."

"I don't see how you can marry her."

"Well, let us put things at the worst, and say that I can't. Then, according to you, I ought to stand aside and allow some other man to make her happy. I don't know whether I should be capable of such magnanimity if the case were to arise; I hope I should. But the case has not arisen, because I happen to know that this man Wilbraham can not make her happy."

"How do you know anything about it?"

"From a few words that she let fall yesterday. I didn't understand her at the time, but I do now; and I tell you that if she gives way, it will be simply and solely because that infernal old mother of hers has persuaded her that it is her duty to sacrifice herself for her family."

The young man started to his feet as he spoke, strode away for a few yards, then came back and threw himself violently down upon the bench again. "I wish to Heaven you hadn't told me of this, now that it is too late!" he exclaimed.

Heriot smiled. The truth was that he had seen his friend in love before, and was not greatly moved by this display of agitation. "You are quite mistaken," he said, quietly. "Poor Mrs. Irvine doesn't deserve abuse. Like other mothers, she would be very much pleased if her daughter made a brilliant match; but she is not worldly or grasping, and Clare is as free to choose for herself as any girl can be. Hitherto she has not been embarrassed by a large field of choice. She has lived all her life down in the country, and this season at Rome has given her her first sight of the outer world. I know she might have fancied Wilbraham; but, from what you say, I fear there is very little chance for him. It is a pity."

"Do you really think that?" asked Vidal, eagerly. "Do you think she will refuse him?"

"I don't think she would have spoken to you upon the subject if she had meant to accept him. But, setting him aside, I do wish, Adrain, both for your sake and for hers, that you would try to get over this fancy. You and she are not suited to one another; but I won't dwell on that point, because, of course, you wouldn't believe

me. You will acknowledge, though, that, from a common-sense point of view, it would be a great deal better if you were not to meet again. You have no business to make love to her unless you see some prospect of being able to marry her; and you can't ask her to starve with you upon six hundred a year. Dive into the mountains and write novels, and forget that there is such a person as Clare Irvine."

"I fully intend to dive into the mountains, and work like a nigger," answered Vidal, who had recovered his good-humor; "but as for forgetting her, that is what I shall never do to the last day of my life."

Heriot, who had more faith in his friend's powers of oblivion than he thought it prudent to express, made no reply, and the subject was allowed to drop.

On the following day Vidal carried his hopes and anxieties up to Engelberg, there to labor and meditate until the wished-for time of his return to England should come. The repose and silence of that high-lying region, then just awakening out of its long winter's sleep, did him but little good; and although he conscientiously worked a certain number of hours every day, there always remained a certain balance of time upon his hands, during which the want of companionship weighed heavily upon him. If anything could have intensified his love for Clare Irvine, it would have been the knowledge that he had a rival. During his rambles over rocky heights and slopes, where thousands of wild flowers were springing up between the patches of half-melted snow, he thought of her and of her only; he pictured her to himself yielding to the solicitations of inconsiderate parents and of a too unselfish nature; he was consumed with a feverish longing to hurry home after her, and hear the worst.

Nevertheless he stuck to his resolution, and remained where he was, taking no small credit to himself for his strength of purpose in so doing. For, indeed, he believed himself to be somewhat remarkable for strength of purpose. He had been quite sincere, and had imagined that he was speaking from experience, when he laid down the proposition that a man has only himself to blame if he does not obtain the object of his desires. He had pretty generally got what he had wanted, and had not looked as closely as he might have done into the causes which had led to that happy result. As a fact, moral strength did not happen to be his most striking quality. Sanguine, easily elated, and easily depressed, he stood in constant need of sympathy, and was not one who could bear many failures, or hold out for an indefinite time against difficulties. Yet (as Heriot had long ago found out) he was capable of distinguishing himself far above his fellows. Granted a first success, he might make himself heard of in the world. The few steps which he had already taken on the road toward fame had been tolerably long steps for a beginner. His essays, contributed to various reviews and magazines, and dealing chiefly with such aspects of modern life as lie upon the surface, had attracted a good deal of notice. They had been bright, clever, excellently worded, and had conveyed the idea that their writer possessed a wider and more profound acquaintance with his subjects than was actually the case. Now he had written a novel, to which he had given the name of *Satiety*, and in which he had satirized what he, oddly enough, fancied to be the prevailing characteristic of his generation. Of this work he secretly—perhaps unconsciously—expected great things. He had spoken, and even thought, disparagingly of it; but he hardly anticipated a disparaging verdict from the press or the public. And if it should prove—as why should it not?—to be the passport to that Tom Tiddler's ground in which successful novelists are popularly supposed to disport themselves, might not marriage be among the good things which it would bring within the reach of its talented author?

As he walked among those lonely heights his love grew stronger and deeper. Hitherto he had lacked an object in life: now he had found one. In Clare he recognized at once his inspiration and his reward. Upon more mature reflection, he had admitted to himself the justice of much that Heriot had urged; but he resolved that, whether he might find it his duty to avoid Miss Irvine for a time or not, he would approach her as soon as he had the right to do so, and that for that end he would labor and live. The only deplorable part of the business was that it should be complicated with a Wilbraham.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT NEW ORLEANS.

Accounts from New Orleans convey the gratifying information that the attendance at the Exposition is daily increasing. Not only is greater interest apparent among the citizens of New Orleans, as the various exhibits assume development and order, but the number of visitors from other parts of the country augments from day to day.

The financial difficulties under which the management has labored appear to be reaching a satisfactory solution. At a large meeting held at Washington Artillery Hall, in New Orleans, on the 8th inst., at which several thousand people were present, Major Burke entered into a long explanation of the situation in which the Exposition found itself. It had counted on securing from the gate money enough to pay its small indebtedness, but the bad weather had affected the attendance. The Exposition management did not propose to appeal to Congress, and it was the duty of the people of New Orleans to come to the assistance of the Exposition and help it out of its difficulties. The meeting was earnest and enthusiastic, and such offers were made that the management felt greatly encouraged.

The exhibitors' associations offered to loan the sum of $200,000 to the Exposition if it would have the effect of getting it out of its present difficulties, and other offers of smaller amounts were made. It was finally resolved to appoint three committees of fifteen members each on subscription, transportation, and reception; the first to raise in New Orleans the amount needed (about $200,000) to pay off all old debts and start the Exposition anew on a firm, substantial foundation; the second to secure the construction of a steam railway to the park; and the third to welcome President Arthur when he visits the Exposition.

The Exposition sketches on page 40 show various scenes of interest within the buildings and in the surrounding grounds. Among the Nebraska exhibits a reproduction of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, formed of hay, grain, and corn, attracts great attention.

BIG LOGS ON THE JUMP.

The sketch of the illustration on page 41 was made among the hills of Northern Wisconsin, where our artist found a logging camp situated at the top of a steep declivity which led down to the banks of a river. The logs, hewn in the primeval forests that crown the summit of the hills, are drawn to the head of the incline, and there started by the lumbermen on their downward course. At first they move slowly, as if feeling their way, but before they have moved many feet they appear to catch the spirit of the sport, and with constantly increasing speed glide down the snowy ravine.

To a new-comer the scene is one of great excitement. At every obstruction the logs bound into the air, leaping many feet, turn somersaults, like giant athletes, and give one the impression that they are on a wager to see which can first reach the water-course. To the unimaginative lumbermen, however, this is merely an easy and inexpensive mode of getting the logs to a place whence they can be floated to saw-mills, or made up into rafts for transportation to the lake. The saving in cost and time over hauling on sleds is very considerable.

THE VALUE OF A COMMA.

Dean Alford flattered himself that he was able to punctuate. "I have some satisfaction in reflecting," he says, "that in the course of editing the Greek text of the New Testament I believe I have destroyed more than a thousand commas, which prevented the text being properly understood." To this Mr Washington Moon retorted that the great enemy to understanding the dean's sentences was the want of commas!

Dr. Brewer says: "When a certain prince consulted the Delphic oracle concerning a projected war, he received for answer: 'Ibis redibis nunquam per bella peribis.' (You shall go shall return never you shall perish in war.) It will be seen that the whole gist of this response depends on the place of the omitted comma. It may be, 'you shall return, you shall never perish in the war,' or, 'you shall return never, you shall perish in the war,' which latter was the fact." A compositor got the punctuation in the wrong place in the toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," and made it read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." A New York editor thus introduces some verses. "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave for many years for his own diversion." This is rather good. But what a wag the compositor must have been!

Some years ago, the omission of a comma in a letter in the *Times* gave a horrible meaning to a sentence. The letter was on our civil war, and the writer said: "The loss of life will hardly fall short of a quarter of a million; and how many more were better with the dead than doomed to crawl on the mutilated victims of this great national crime!" It should have been: "than doomed to crawl on, the mutilated victims of this great national crime!" The following sentence appeared in a newspaper a short time ago: "The prisoner said the witness was a convicted thief." This statement nearly caused the proprietors of the newspaper some trouble, and yet the words were correct. When their attention was drawn to the matter, and proper punctuation supplied, the sentence had an exactly opposite meaning: "The prisoner, said the witness, was a convicted thief." Dean Alford says that he saw an announcement of a meeting in connection with the "Society for Promoting the Observance of the Lord's Day which was founded in 1831, giving the notion that the day, not the Society, was founded in that year." A comma should have been after "day," and then the sentence would have been correct. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently the Rev. H. R. Haweis called attention to an awkward misplacement of inverted commas in an article by him on the late Duke of Wellington, whereby some words of the late Duke, about Mr. Gladstone's speeches, are attributed to the Duke's illustrious father.

KILLING OFF WOLVES.

It is because the countries in Eastern Europe have not adopted a common policy of decimation against the wolves, and followed that up by rendering the conditions of life incompatible with their existence, that these creatures still range on the great routes of travel, and that cruel tragedies still thrill the people with terror every year when winter sets in with severity. We must, however, always remember that exterminating the wolf is a slow business. In spite of the severe measures adopted in Great Britain, these beasts were not extinct in Scotland till 1680, and it is not very much more than a century and a half since they vanished from Ireland. In truth, nothing is more remarkable than the tenacity with which a species clings to existence, in spite of the worst efforts of destroying man. We know, for example, that beavers must have been common enough in England after man appeared on the scene, and yet, though they were steadily killed off, it was not till the time of Cromwell that they disappeared altogether. Certainly it would have been strange if the wolf had survived the war waged against him. Saxon, Dane, and Norman were alike his foes, and devoted themselves ruthlessly to secure his extermination.

In the reign of Edgar, for instance, the most hardened wretch who ever expiated his fate on the gallows could secure pardon for his enormities if he but produced so many wolves' tongues to show he had done good service to the community. A man who could slay wolves with success was too valuable to be wasted by the common hangman. Great estates were also given by kings to their subjects on condition that they would kill so many wolves in the year; and the Scottish barons were ordered by law to hunt the gray and hungry "varmint" at least four times a year, so as "to keep it down." In moorland districts refuges were built for poor travellers who were attacked by the wolves that ranged over the wintry wastes of the northern counties; and the sovereign himself would now and then issue a special commission, under his royal sign-manual—as did Edward I. to Peter Corbet—ordering some "trusty and well-beloved subject" to destroy all wolves in a certain specified district in a specified time.

In early times the hunting of the wolf was reckoned a right princely sport, and one in which it was esteemed an honor to engage. Stories such as those which came to us recently from the plains of Russia or Hungary lead us to imagine that the ferocity of the animal may have caused the sport of slaying him to be esteemed princely. There never was a greater error. Our wolf is a slinking, cowardly creature, as a rule, easily scared by the sight of man. His courage is, in truth, a sort of madness begotten of hunger—a frenzy caused by the pang of famine. The wild hog is his favorite victim; it is only in dire extremity that he will attack man, and then he will do it only in company with his fellows. He has not, therefore, even the pluck of the wil-dcat, which will tackle a man alone, and whose tameless fury has passed into many a popular proverb in the north.

But he is a different creature altogether in a winter such as that which now holds the plains of Russia and Poland in its icy grip. Then the traveller, as he glides swiftly and silently over long versts of ice and snow, which lie gleaming under the northern lights that rush through the steel-gray sky, has reason to quail when the dismal howling of a pack that has scented him from afar falls on the frightened ears of his horses. The wolves may meet him, or they may catch him, and then all that will be left of him will be some spots of blood on the snow, which will vanish under the fresh falling drift long ere the morning breaks.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The curious statement is made that "bears are becoming quite plentiful in the Catskills." We should think that one good-sized, unenslaved, and active bear in the neighborhood of the summer resorts would be "quite plentiful."

A battle between an oyster and a duck is reported from Texas. The duck was one of the diving species. He saw the oyster lying wide open, and dived for it. The oyster closed like a vise upon the duck's bill. The duck dragged the oyster from its bed, but attached to it were three smaller oysters, and the weight of the four was too much for the duck to hold above-water. His head was kept submerged, and he was drowned. The body of the duck, however, was buoyant enough to remain upon the surface, and it floated with the four oysters to a dock, where the entire assortment fell a prey to man.

A French engineer proposes to erect for the Paris Exhibition of 1889 an iron tower three hundred meters high, which would be twice as high as the Great Pyramid, and more than twice as high as the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, the highest steeple in the world. The projector intends that the tower shall be permanent. He thinks that it would be useful as a place of observation in time of war, and at all times as a base for meteorological observations. On the other hand, it is certain that such a tower would appeal so strongly to any hostile gunner having one of Herr Krupp's cannons in charge, that anybody would hate to be stationed on top of it; and as to its points in the regard of meteorology, there are several mountains in the world that stand ready to put such a trifling construction to shame.

A Philadelphia gentleman of means and mind, wishing to accomplish something at once novel and useful, has made a collection of suspenders. He has filled a large room in his house with these interesting conveniences. They present a most notable and instructive variety in texture, color, and style. The best pair is worth $100. The collection is insured against lost by fire.

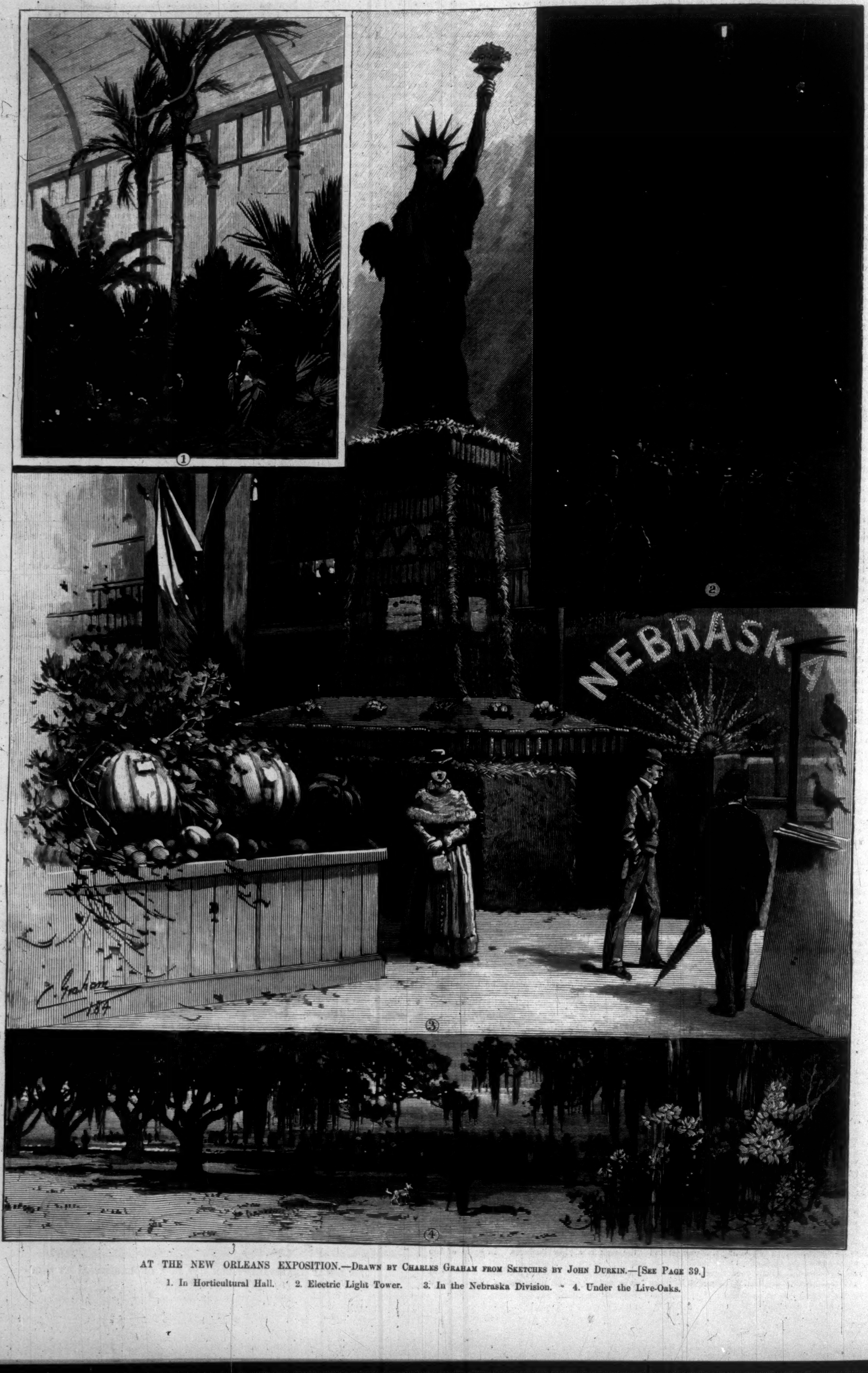
It is reported that foreign students in Paris complain of being treated as intruders. Whether that is objectionable or not depends. Acknowledged intruders who have plenty of money are treated much better in Paris than natives who are only meagrely supplied. To be treated as a well-to-do intruder in the French capital is not such bad fun.

It costs a good deal to send freight by rail from Liverpool to London, and a Liverpool firm recently saved three shillings a ton by shipping a quantity to New York by the regular steamers, whose rates are very low because of competition, and hence to London by the regular lines, which carry cheap for the same reason.

A good deal of fault has been found from time to time with this country by English travellers who have stopped over a steamer in order to learn all about us. Perhaps the most original and interesting objections to the United States which have been advanced lately are those propounded by a British observer in an interview printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He allows that Americans are civil, hospitable, and polite, and do not drink so much as Englishmen, but finds "in every face a craving, unrestful expression that is singularly painful to note." Warming up after this, he makes the powerful asseveration that "in every respect, with the exception of steam-ferry-boats, the Americans are immeasurably behind the old country"; interestingly affirms that he was constantly "jerked on end" by the action of the air-brake when he was trying to sleep in a palace-car; gives Broadway Sam Hill; and concludes with the monster and iron-shod declaration that in "neither Boston, New York, Philadelphia, nor Baltimore" did he "clap eyes on a single hydraulic machine!"

Car No. 32, of the Third Avenue surface road, is known to all the drivers and conductors on the line as the "Jonah car." It has a most astonishing propensity for being on hand to act as a target for any mad runaway that may happen to be flying about. Not long ago a good third of it was ripped to pieces by a truck which it was good enough to stop, and which was coming off the Brooklyn Bridge at the rate of something like a mile a minute. The other night it undertook, in conjunction with a pile of paving-stones, to stop a runaway hardware team. The team unfortunately snapped its traces and swept on between the stones and the car, but the wagon was stopped most effectually. Its fragments made a halo about the head of the driver, and fell in a litter over half the width of the Bowery. The conductor carries a thick blank-book, in which he makes notes and enters the names of witnesses of these little incidents. It is nearly full. He says that car 32 does something emphatic every day in the year.

THE GREAT TRANSPARENT SUN CAT, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE TWO-CENT MUSEUM.



AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by John Durkin.—[See Page 39.]

1. In Horticultural Hall. 2. Electric Light Tower. 3. In the Nebraska Division. 4. Under the Live-Oaks.

BIG LOGS ON THE JUMP—A ROLLWAY IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 39.]

A REGISTERED LETTER.

On a bright December morning Fräulein Berta Holzhausen paused in the garden to greet Frau Gottesthal as the latter hobbled out on her balcony above.

"Good-morning, madame."

"Good-morning, my Fräulein."

The young lady held up in her little silk apron a wealth of flowers which she had just gathered—long sprays of heliotrope from the vines climbing the villa wall, some stars of jasmine from the great terra-cotta urn on the terrace step, pink blossoms of the plebeian and aromatic geranium which flourishes everywhere, like a true weed, along the shore of Cannes and Nice and San Remo, and roses of every hue from topaz to deep velvet crimson.

"I hope your poor ankle is better," said Fräulein Berta, with the cheerfulness of a person whose respective ankles are sound.

"Yes, a thousand thanks; but the doctor thinks it will be some time before we can resume our rambles," replied Frau Gottesthal, dolefully. "How provoking of that donkey to have pitched me off against the wall!"

"You rode so carefully, too," added Berta, demurely. "You sat in the saddle as if it had been an arm-chair or a cradle. I have never seen a more dignified person on donkey-back."

The banter conveyed by these words was lost on Frau Gottesthal. She grasped the balcony railing and leaned forward, revealing the bald spot on the top of her head.

"Have you been out long?" she asked.

"I breakfasted hours ago," cried the girl in the garden. "I have read a French novel and Bürger's *Wild Huntsman* in the arbor yonder, until I was weary, and then I gathered these flowers. What would they give for my December roses in our cold North, where all is snow and ice! The weather is perfect to-day."

"Ah, Heaven!" sighed Frau Gottesthal, raising her pale eyes to the sky. "I am incapacitated from accompanying you on some excursion. I have written in my diary, Fräulein, that we are to read Schiller on the rocks of this romantic shore."

"I must run about alone, then," said Berta, smiling.

The occupant of the balcony coughed impressively behind a hand clad in a purple mitten even at this early hour.

"Let me urge a young lady of your august rank not to walk unattended," she said. "At least take Joseph or Margaret."

"This is a quiet village, the Bordighera, pronounced the earthly paradise by the Queen of Italy. One may walk here with impunity," retorted Berta.

"Take care that the garden of Eden does not shelter some lurking venomous serpent," warned Frau Gottesthal. "That artist keeps always in sight of our villa."

"Perhaps he wishes to sell another picture. The price he asked for the first was sufficiently modest, only twenty francs," rejoined Berta, indifferently.

"One should not encourage those people too much," said Frau Gottesthal, and her long thin face acquired the prim disapproval of the governess and companion of a noble house in one.

Berta colored high.

"The artist is a gentleman," she said, quickly. "I do not know whether he is a Russian, a Swede, or a German, but if he wore rags he could never be mistaken for anything save a gentleman."

The *dame de compagnie* was silent. Fräulein Berta repented of the impulse which had led her to so warmly defend an unknown artist, whose face had interested her as much as his work.

"I am to receive a registered letter by the afternoon post," she added, moving away.

"A registered letter?" repeated the companion in a high key. "My dear young lady, how do you know? Does it come from our noble Herr Ludwig?"

Deaf to these questions, Berta hid in the arbor, laughing mischievously. "Now the good soul will puzzle her brains about my registered letter," she reflected, and heaped her flowers on the marble table, which rose like a mushroom in the centre of the arbor.

The buoyant gayety with which she had come forth to greet the day suddenly deserted her, leaving a sensation of chilled depression. She began to arrange the roses in a bouquet for her aunt, the Baroness Kurt, manipulating cleverly the tones of color outspread before her. She paused abruptly in the task, and took a picture from a portfolio. Gazing at it, she lost herself in reverie. The picture drew her like a magnet. She had already studied it that morning. There are moments when a sprained ankle is a relief from surveillance on the part of ungrateful maidenhood. The sketch, a water-color of delicacy, represented the Colico mountains at the head of Como, their summits crowned by the Splügen range of snow, while at their base the purple twilight deepened over the tranquil waters with the rich tints of Italy. Such was the study for which the possessor had paid a twenty-franc gold piece to the artist at work before his easel on a promontory. Imagination awoke some new emotion in her breast as her eye idly traced the course of a sail in the picture, flitting across the silvery surface of the Aphrodite of the lakes, and hovering on the verge of that purple twilight where slopes of hill, jasper, russet, and amber, blended. That veil of mist, unfathomable, impalpable, what charm lay hidden in its depths? Fräulein Berta had never before lingered over a picture with the same sentiment of interest.

Her meditations were dispelled by a curious sensation which thrilled through her like an electric shock. Somebody was watching her with a sly or furtive scrutiny. Where? She glanced about her, instinctively resenting espionage. The villa rented by the Baroness Kurt was a picturesque structure perched above the shore and highway, with the town of Bordighera, half a mile distant, on the right. Orange-trees embowered the turrets and balconies of a house, colored a shrimp pink, and resembling the fancy boxes of Paris shops at Easter. Palms reared their fronds against the blue sky ready to shed their harvest for the adornment of St. Peter's at Rome on Palm-Sunday, proud inheritance of the fisherman's town who saved the obelisk of the piazza by wetting the ropes that raised it. There should be a patent of nobility for the ready-witted in this world who act in the nick of time.

Adjacent was another villa, also fanciful in structure and gay in coloring. Berta looked at this house. A few days earlier it had been rented. The shutters were still closed, but one was thrust out according to that stealthy mode which allows the inmate to inspect others while remaining invisible. She felt convinced she was watched from that window. She rose, gathered up her books and portfolio, and went in-doors with a firm step. She was tall, slender, and nineteen, with regular features, brunette coloring, and a somewhat haughty mien. A great lady by right of birth and position, as Frau Gottesthal had said, and with the refinement of manner of the capital. Was she to be spied upon?

Once in-doors she yielded to a childish impulse for which she could not afterward account. She paused behind a curtain and watched the windows of the next house in turn. At the expiration of half an hour a man emerged. He was of medium stature, carefully attired, and of indefinable nationality. His beard was black and pointed, his features sallow, and fatigued with late hours or mental anxieties. He quitted the gate and walked along the highway, a man with a short but assured step, who looked the world coolly, even cynically, in the face. Gentleman, political exile, knave—the possibilities of that shore where bloom the gardens of Monaco might place him in either category. Why did Fräulein Berta continue to observe him? He dropped his cane, and in recovering it he turned and scanned the villa of the Baroness Kurt with a pair of keen and restless eyes. Ah, those were the eyes which had watched her from behind the window-shutter.

"What folly!" she exclaimed, and dismissed the matter.

At luncheon she explained to her aunt and Frau Gottesthal the arrival of the registered letter. The ladies were mutually amused. Berta's brother Ludwig, a cadet in a military school of Germany, desired her to purchase for him a desk of olive-wood. His directions as to the design and size of the article were given with boyish gravity, and he further announced that the gift was destined for a lady on her birthday. The amount he would remit by registered letter, saved from his pocket-money, and his sister was requested to lose no time in fulfilling the order.

"I can not accompany you to select the wood," sighed Frau Gottesthal.

"I will order some samples sent here from the shop," replied Fräulein Berta, with resignation.

"Let them add several tables for my inspection," said the Baroness, sipping her chocolate.

Three o'clock found the invalid still on the sunny terrace, with Frau Gottesthal near her, a book in her hand, and the disabled foot on a stool. The Baroness presented a very droll appearance, seated in a straw chair like a sentry-box. She was a little shrivelled old lady, on whom paralysis had laid a warning touch, benumbing her lower limbs. All the remaining forces of life seemed to have become concentrated in her sharp black eyes and nimble fingers, perpetually knitting silk stockings. This little bundle of humanity, now shrunken into the sentry-box of straw, was still a woman of the world, and had once been endowed with piquant charms, a caustic wit, and a fame not unscathed by princely admiration. It was eminently characteristic of this court beauty when the century was young, with her quick glance, and thin, mobile lips ready to curve into a quizzical smile, that the book selected for reading aloud should be one of Heine's volumes.

Fräulein Berta emerged from the house, unfurling her parasol, like a gigantic poppy, for her walk to the post-office. She bade Frau Gottesthal farewell somewhat mockingly, and refused the escort of Joseph.

"There can be no harm in her promenade," said the aunt, in response to the companion's respectful hints of warning. "She will soon return. In confidence, and as you have always been most faithful to us—"

"Faithful in heart and soul," murmured Frau Gottesthal, with fervor.

"I have plans for that child," pursued the little old lady, nodding her head. "Adalbert von Isenburg is to be sent down here by his father, and if the two young people should suit each other—You understand?"

"The Herr Captain of the Rhine Castle!" exclaimed Frau Gottesthal, clasping her hands and scenting a romance with sentimental rapture.

"Not a word to Berta," admonished the Baroness. "I do not know when he will arrive and present himself."

"A noble young man, and a brave soldier in the late war," murmured the companion.

"Yes, and a trifle mad about poetry and music, like his father, who once aspired to my hand," chuckled the invalid. "Young people must make their own choice nowadays, since our heir-apparent has set them the example. If my niece and the Herr Captain suspected they were to be led into matrimony, they would experience an immediate aversion for each other. First impressions had best shape themselves," concluded this veteran coquette of many heart campaigns, deemed an inimitable match-maker by her friends.

The object of these schemes walked to the village, selected the tables and desks at a bazar, and proceeded to the post-office to inquire for her registered letter. Her liberty pleased her. Did not Frau Gottesthal stalk ever at her side, conversing in a monotonous tone on topics deemed edifying to a well-born young lady? The post-office had one occupant. Fräulein Berta hesitated about entering, for swift repulsion told her that this person had a pointed black beard, a fatigued face, and restless eyes. He turned politely and yielded her the place at the glass partition. She bowed coldly, without glancing at him. She felt conscious that those snaky eyes were fixed on her as he moved away, and a waft of patchouli offended her nostrils.

"Is there a registered letter for Mademoiselle Holzhausen?" she demanded, stooping to the opening, and speaking in a low tone in order not to be overheard.

The stranger paused at the outer door of the building to light a cigar.

"No," replied the clerk, glancing negligently over his shoulder at several pigeon-holes, and without ceasing to write in a ledger.

There is no petty tyrant who enjoys his power more than the underling of a Riviera post-office. The Ligurian brusqueness, everywhere the same, from Marseilles to Genoa, acquires fullest development in presiding over that daily lottery of existence, the mail-bag. With what joy does he inform the irate Briton, or electric American, accustomed to precision and swiftness of business dispatch, that the office will close for the two hours of noonday, after they have awaited their turn in fuming impatience! How serene and lofty his bearing as he ignores the lamentations of a file of weary applicants to count coppers in a drawer with agonizing deliberation, hold discourse with a comrade, or make out a certificate! Is he always the heir of the mayor of the commune, or the prodigal son of the doting postmaster, this young gentleman of the lemon-colored complexion, usually wearing an amethyst ring on his finger? Or is he the mouth-piece of public opinion, protesting against the encroachments of the detested stranger within the gate, and an instrument of Providence to harass, tantalize, and browbeat?

Fräulein Berta bit her lip.

"I expect a registered letter," she said.

"Nothing," replied the clerk, languidly.

As she drew back he added, "There is a letter for that name, but not registered."

She took the letter. The man with the pointed beard had departed. The lady opened her letter, recognizing her brother Ludwig's handwriting. An inclosed sheet of thin paper fluttered out on the step. Berta recovered it, scanned the contents rapidly, and placed the envelope in her pocket.

"The boy is a knight-errant already," she reflected.

The cadet had traced a design for the desk on the thin sheet. The traditional swallow might fly across the lid, as that would suggest thoughts of an absent correspondent, but he would have no fisherman in a green vest, or minstrel with a variegated mandolin. As an after-thought he sent no registered draft, and requested his sister to pay for the desk instead.

Berta laughed, and glanced up and down the street. The disagreeable stranger was walking in the direction of the villas.

"I will allow him to reach home first," she thought, with a little shudder.

She rambled along a by-path on the brow of a hill. Courageous and self-reliant by nature, her movements were now strangely irresolute and undecided. The prim disapproval of Frau Gottesthal drew her back, and a desire to glance over the shoulder of an artist at work lured her forward. At every step she expected to see a white linen umbrella, and a fine head with flowing brown hair and beard bending over a sketch. Had she actually beheld him, she would have probably withdrawn before he had perceived her proximity. She paused to gather a few violets which tufted a well, amidst tresses of maiden-hair. Then she ventured a few paces into an olive grove, just to horrify her *dame de compagnie* by presenting her with some arrowy narcissus and pink gladiolus, such as grow at the base of the gnarled roots.

The olive grove was full of sweet mystery, and a saddened twilight of green and silver foliage in contrast with the blue sky and glimpses of sparkling sea. She bent to pluck an anemone for her bouquet, and at that moment one of the dirty velveteen coats worn by Piedmontese workmen was thrown over her head, stifling all sound, while her arms were grasped behind in a muscular grip. She attempted to struggle, to cry out, but her invisible assailant held her in an iron grasp. These words were hissed in her ear: "The registered letter."

Mechanically she gasped response.

"I have no registered letter."

The pressure on her arms became a wrench of cruel violence, the folds of the greasy coat suffocated her. She lost consciousness, and sank forward on the ground.

How long she lay there she never knew. When she opened her eyes she was prone among the scattered flowers at the base of an olive-tree. What had aroused her? Was it the tinkle of a chapel bell far away among the hills? No; a full German voice was singing near at hand. Hark!

> "I asked my love one happy day
> What I should call her in my lay,
> By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
> Iphigenia, Celia, Chloris,
> Laura, Lesbia, or Doris,
> Dorimena, or Lucrece?"

This voice and song seemed to the dazed and stunned listener to emanate from another world. She moved slowly as if groping toward the sound. She attempted to call aloud for help, and only succeeded in uttering a feeble groan. Hasty steps approached, a strong arm raised her gently, a brown beard brushed her cheek.

"You here?" exclaimed the artist, incredulously. "What has happened, mademoiselle?"

"I have been robbed and hurt, I think," she stammered, faintly.

"I heard no sound. I have been at work for hours over yonder," he said, glancing about for the miscreants.

Fräulein Berta rose to her feet unsteadily, and leaned against the tree. Her hands were free, and the old velveteen coat had disappeared. She searched her pocket; the letter was gone. The artist drew back respectfully.

"I fear I must ask you to find me a carriage, or assist me home," she said, attempting to smile.

His response surprised her. He looked at her scrutinizingly, and said,

"Yes, that would be best for both."

Baroness Kurt had withdrawn in-doors, much wondering at the prolonged absence of her niece, when that young lady appeared leaning on the arm of a gentleman. Frau Gottesthal stiffened instinctively, and rose to her feet despite the injured ankle.

"Madame, I ask your forgiveness for any lack of ceremony in thus presenting myself for the first time," said the intruder, bowing profoundly. "My only excuse is that I have been of trifling service to mademoiselle, your niece."

"Adalbert von Isenburg!" cried the Baroness, with vivacity. "How came you here at Bordighera?"

He kissed her hand, and turned to the astonished Berta with a smile full of eloquence.

"I have been studying Italy as an artist, Fräulein," he said, also saluting her trembling fingers.

"Never shall I forget your kindness in encouraging my poor labors by purchasing one of my wretched pictures. This is the only money I have ever honestly earned, and I shall keep it as a talisman." He touched a twenty-franc gold piece which had been pierced and attached to his watch chain.

"Incredible," murmured Frau Gottesthal, and collapsed suddenly into her chair while striving to make a suitable reverence. "Who could have imagined that the artist and the Herr Captain are one person?"

Berta grew extremely pale, and burst into tears. This last development of an eventful day was too much for her nerves. Explanations ensued, made chiefly by the Herr Captain, and the heroine of the recital found ample excuse to retire to her own chamber. Baroness Kurt smiled like a weasened fairy in her arm-chair. She seemed indifferent to the encounter with thieves in an olive grove if the young man Adalbert von Isenburg had appeared in the guise of a rescuer.

Fräulein Berta heard voices outside, and went to her window. A group of men were talking at the entrance gate, and among them could be distinguished the faithful Joseph, the Genoese cook of the Baroness, and the neighbor of the next villa. The latter was speaking; his words, sneering and mocking, reached her listening ear.

"I should not like to doubt the word of a lady, but the story is very improbable. She was robbed, you say, and yet her watch was left in her belt. Sometimes the ladies invent a romance to produce a startling effect, and have all the journals of the day talking about them. The gendarmerie will not believe it. No, no, my friends. It seems she met a gentleman in the olive grove, eh?"

There was a chorus of assent and protest on the part of the listeners, and then the group slowly dispersed.

The rising moon shed a silvery light over the sea and the headlands. Far along the curves of the shore a cluster of lights defined some town. The adjacent villa was in shadow, with a ray of candle winking furtively in one casement. The jasmine and heliotrope of the garden shed abroad a fragrance. The guest departed, lingering a moment on the path to scan the windows.

"Good-night," Fräulein Berta called, softly.

"Good-night," he replied. "May I come to-morrow and bring my other pictures?"

"Oh yes."

As he walked away he sang the second verse of the song:

> "Ah! replied my gentle fair,
> Beloved, what are names but air?
> Take whatever suits the line:
> Call me Celia, call me Chloris,
> Laura, Lesbia, or Doris,
> Only, only call me thine."

Why did the Fräulein Berta blush vividly, and a trembling joy fill her heart?

"I told you Adalbert von Isenburg was a little mad," remarked the Baroness to the companion. "He thinks he has deceived everybody by loitering here as an artist. Some centuries earlier he would have disguised himself as a pilgrim to decide if he wished to become a suitor."

Next morning Fräulein Berta mystified Frau Gottesthal by summoning Joseph into her presence. She drew up her sleeves, and revealed two white arms, with the marks of muscular fingers turning yellow and black below each elbow, with this explanation:

"My dress, even, smells of patchouli. The thief was not a laborer of the railway. The letter may have been supposed to contain money, for the thin slip of paper on which Ludwig had drawn a pattern fell out at the post-office. It looked like a draft, certainly. Say no more about it; only you see the thing happened, my good Joseph."

"But, gnädiges Fräulein, there must be no law," began the bewildered Joseph.

"Oh no; the gens-d'armes would not believe me," she retorted, proudly.

Just then a gentleman approached. He was in elegant morning dress, and carried a portfolio of sketches for the acceptance of his first patron in art, a young lady, who received the gift with smiles and blushes.

The afternoon train for France received, as a

passenger from Bordighera, a man with a pointed beard and sallow face. He had rented the villa adjoining that of the Baroness Kurt for a month, but the landlord was satisfied that a telegram summoned him to Paris, where he had important interests on the Bourse.

June lilacs bloomed in all the Rhineland. Military trumpets resounded in the early morning at Cologne, followed by a burst of martial music. Baroness Kurt had herself carried to a window to witness the filing along of the Bismarck Cuirassiers. Onward they swept, with sunshine sparkling on their corselets and helmets, crowned with burnished eagles, skirting the cathedral and town—a pageant in harmony with the spot.

"Those trumpets would arouse me in my grave," cried the old lady, with enthusiasm.

"The voice of father-land," added Fräulein Berta.

Adalbert von Isenburg, a stalwart form on his brown horse with the green saddle-cloth, wafted a greeting to his betrothed bride Berta.

"Ach Himmel! he looks like a knight of the Holy Grail," exclaimed Frau Gottesthal, who was a devotee of Wagner.

Then the troop passed on, and the trumpets died away.

WINTER IN THE NORTHWEST.

A GENERAL impression seems to prevail in the extreme Northwest that the managers of some of the railroads recently opened to make that region more accessible do not understand "fighting snow." Some plausibility is given to this belief by the authentic fact that on January 3 a passenger train on one of these roads had been stuck in a snow-drift for eighteen days, with the prospect of being imprisoned till spring. They were in no danger of starvation nor of suffering from cold, being supplied with food and fuel by beneficent ravens in the employ of the railroad company. Their sojourn, however, may be complained of without injustice as somewhat monotonous, while considered in the light of travelling, it is, undoubtedly, a flat failure. Going east by sea to San Francisco and thence by rail in midwinter is not the feast to which the Oregon people were invited when their country was made accessible. Nevertheless, the incident is evidently due merely to the unfamiliarity of the managers with the conditions of winter traffic in Oregon. In the early years of the Union Pacific the same grievances as are now reported from Oregon were related by belated travellers coming through from the Pacific by a route leading through much lower latitudes, though, in part, through much greater altitudes than those traversed by the new road. And, indeed, it is not the great main line of the Northern Pacific that has been encumbered this winter, but only the link that connects that line with Portland.

Nevertheless, it can not be denied that the weather in the Northwest is apt to be cold in winter, and the snow to fall very heavily. Thirty feet is declared to be the depth of the drift in which the blocked train in Oregon has been entombed. The sloppiness of the winter climate of New York, alternated as it is with spasms of severe cold, is probably less favorable to health than an honest "old-fashioned" winter. The climatologists, indeed, run the same isothermal line through New York and Portland, in spite of the six degrees of difference in latitude, but very different extremes may produce the same mean, and certainly a snow-drift capable of blocking a train for three weeks has never within the historic period been reared within a hundred miles of New York, thanks to the Gulf Stream. The extreme variations which have frightened emigrants from settling in Manitoba in spite of all the official blandishments that have been lavished upon them, do not exist on our side of the line, as is sufficiently shown by the fact that the settler whom one winter of Manitoba has discouraged betakes himself to the coldest regions of our own Northwest, and finds himself comfortable. The variations are wide enough, however, to compel the Northwestern American to adapt himself to his environment by devices elsewhere unknown. The "sod house" is one of the most ingenious of these devices, and might, indeed, be imitated with advantage in rustic communities nearer the Atlantic sea-board, where the inhabitants are willing to sacrifice "style" to comfort. It is simply a frame house heavily banked up to the eaves with earth, which is kept in place against the floods of spring and the desiccating heats of summer by being covered with an integument of sod. Whether this looks better or worse than the unsodded frame house is a question we need not undertake to settle. But there can be no doubt that the sod house is more comfortable than the mere clapboard shell, the embankment being almost equally efficient against the cold of winter and the heat of summer.

OUR CURRENCY FOR THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

II.

LIMITS AND CONDITIONS OF PAPER ISSUES.—CASE OF FRANCE.—GREENBACKS.—NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

WHEN a country which has a specie circulation finds itself suddenly smitten by calamity, its specie stock is a financial resource which it can employ immediately. It takes time to lay taxes and to derive revenue from them, or even to raise a loan. Treasury notes, however, can be issued, which displace specie, and win the use of an equivalent capital for the government, just as bank notes win the same gain for banks. The limit of this resource is the amount of specie in the country. This may not be known. It generally is not known save approximately, but if the note issues are continued until there is a premium on gold, the appearance of that premium is an indication that the paper has just exceeded the specie requirement.

France, in 1871 and the following years, made a complete experiment of this device, and managed it with entire success. That country possessed a larger stock of specie than any other, because banking facilities were not highly developed, and the lowest denomination of bank notes was twenty dollars. By authorizing the Bank to issue notes down to one dollar, and borrowing the same for disbursement in public expenditures until a slight premium on gold appeared, the operation above described was carried out. The Bank was allowed on these loans a rate of interest only sufficient to remunerate it for expense and risk. As the issues were reduced when the exchange became adverse, only a small part of the specie stock was exported. After the war, taxes were laid and loans were contracted, with the proceeds of which the note issues were repaid to the Bank and cancelled. The former circulation was in this way restored, and specie payments were resumed in 1878. At no time, therefore, were prices disturbed or was the basis of contracts altered. "Legal tender" had no significance, for the paper was not allowed to depreciate.

Indeed, the plain fact about "legal tender" is that a forced circulation has no significance for anybody unless the currency is depreciated, and if it is depreciated, forced circulation is the most monstrous wrong possible in a modern state based on contract and rights. It never can be necessary or expedient to depreciate the currency. It may be necessary to issue treasury notes to supplant temporarily the specie stock. In doing this, "legal tender" is of no more importance than the lathe-work on the notes. If the issues are made excessive, and depreciated, then the forced circulation perpetrates a forced loan for the government on all who have property, on condition of allowing all debtors to perpetrate a robbery on their creditors. The legal-tender law simply withdraws the protection of the courts of the country from one of the parties to a contract. It is, moreover, a gross error to suppose that treasury notes which bear no interest are a cheap and advantageous device when issued beyond the specie requirement. The rate of interest paid on any forced loan by the treasury is sure to be enormous, although it may be hidden in prices, and the public, in handling the notes, is constantly paying interest at high rates and in the most onerous manner so long as the promise of the notes is not kept, and not even made definite. So long, therefore, as a country in time of calamity uses treasury notes within the limits and under the conditions which are sound, legal tender has no significance, and adds nothing at all to the utility of that resource. If the notes are overissued, it is a desperate financial proceeding, and legal tender is only one of its evil features.

Since the United States in 1861 possessed no specie circulation except some fractional silver, but had, as shown last week, granted to banks the privilege of supplanting the specie, which they had used until the channels of circulation were filled with their notes, the United States had not, when the civil war broke out, any such resource as has been described. Neither was the country at that moment in a position to say to the banks, We have allowed you this privilege in good times: Now we need it ourselves, and you must withdraw your notes to allow the government to use the circulation.

At the extra session of Congress in the summer of 1861, treasury notes, payable in gold on demand, to the amount of fifty million dollars, were authorized. During the first half of that year the banks were contracting their issues on account of political alarm, but in the autumn they increased their issues in an effort to make loans to the government. In December specie was exported, and on the 30th of that month the banks all suspended. Gold was then at a premium of two per cent.

The administration held out hopes that the war would be over in thirty days, and Congress feared to lay taxes or to take financial measures which should be broad and thorough. Six per cent. bonds of the United States were at 88 or 89, which was thought to be a disastrous rate. In the mean time the expenses were increasing with great rapidity, and in January, 1862, when ten million more "demand notes" were provided for, the treasury was rapidly approaching a point at which it must suspend payment. During February things grew worse and worse. A proposition was made to issue legal-tender non-interest-bearing treasury notes fundable in six per cent. bonds, and it was in a kind of panic, under an agitated conviction that something must be done, and with a dread of employing other resources, that this plan was adopted. It was, however, adopted against the arguments and advice of the leading men in Congress only as a temporary war measure. Looking back now after twenty years upon the consequences of that step, we obtain strong light on the course of those who think that in public affairs right and truth need not be taken seriously, that we can do what is wrong and false just once or a little bit, and yet get the same results as if we do what is right and true. Those who take this view generally pride themselves on being especially wise.

The notes were issued in spring, and were an addition to all the existing currency, for since the banks had suspended they had no longer any reason to withdraw their notes. The gold premium, therefore, advanced as the legal-tender notes were issued. In July, 1862, another issue of "greenbacks," as the legal-tender notes came to be called, was made. These were not fundable, and the former issue was absorbed and disappeared by funding. The "demand notes," being payable in gold and receivable for duties, bore the same premium as gold until they were paid in. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of them have never been presented for redemption.

The greenback issues produced a premium on gold, an advance in prices, and a contraction of credit. Those persons who had been left with fixed incomes saw themselves reduced to poverty. A new and fluctuating standard of contracts was established. The way to get rich was to get into debt. Every contract became a gambling contract. At first creditors were ruined, but thousands of people who never mastered the intricacies of currency put themselves upon the debtor side, and exposed themselves to the inevitable ruin which would be their turn whenever appreciation should begin. The government found the prices of all the supplies which it needed raised against it by its own issues. It "floated" its bonds, but it floated everything else in the country at the same time. The legal-tender issues hurt the public credit, and bonds were sold at thirty-five cents on the dollar in gold, on which we have had to pay six dollars per annum in gold interest and the principal in gold at par.

It was not long before it was found necessary to devise some means of gaining for the public the use of the circulation which was occupied by the bank notes. The national bank system was devised to accomplish this and other ends. Considering the situation, the vested rights, and the state of public opinion, that was an exceedingly wise piece of legislation. The old bank notes were taxed out of existence, but the privilege of issue was not taken away from the banks. For this privilege they were to render a return by lending their capital to the government and by taxes. The government of 1863–66 sold to the banks the privilege of issue for twenty years, and it obtained the price of that concession as a resource in that time of financial necessity. The banks gained an advantageous organization and co-operation without being too closely connected. The public got a uniform and secure paper currency, a thing which they had talked about and striven for since the Federal Constitution was adopted. The government guaranteed the redemption of the notes, because, being a debtor of the banks on its bonds which they had taken, it promised to pay the note-holders if the bank did not pay them, and in order to be able to do this, it took back from the banks the evidences of its own debt to them. It also prepared the notes as a guarantee that the bank never could issue them beyond the amount of the security. This system is far superior to any government paper issues, because it contains guarantees against the government itself. It is all very well for the government to give the public guarantees against the banks, but who is to guarantee the public against the government? Under the national bank system there is a co-operation, a mutual check, and a joint responsibility between the banks and the government which is very healthful to both and highly advantageous to the public.

The national bank system was not popular with the banks. It was adopted by them only slowly and under compulsion. The national bank currency was at first limited to $300,000,000, afterward to $354,000,000, and the distribution of it was prescribed. The distribution of it, however, has never conformed to the prescription, because it depends on accumulations of capital, not on population or territory. The actual circulation of national bank-notes has never reached the allowed limit.

W. G. SUMNER.

THE CREOLE PATOIS.

ONE finds among the creole literature many charming apocrypha—popular love songs far too perfect in arrangement and versification to have been created by the uneducated and simple race which invented the creole idiom. The true creole poetry—the slave poetry improvised according to African methods—manifests its origin by the quaint construction of its stanzas, by the simplicity of its images, above all by the systematized reiteration of sonorous phrases, by a recurrent motive like that of Gottschalk's "Bamboula":

"Foulard *rivé*,
Moin té toujours tini;
Madras *rivé*,
Moin té toujours tini;
Des Indes *rivé*,
Moin té toujours tini:
Capitaine second
Cé yon bon gaçon....

"*Tout moune tini,*
Tout moune yo aimé;
Tout moune tini,
Tout moune yo chéri,
Tout moune tini,
Yo Doudou à yo;.
Tousse moin tout seule,
Pas tini cila moin."

This is Guadaloupe, not Louisiana, creole, and is cited only because the writer has not at hand any specimen of the Louisiana creole ditty which offers an equally forcible example of the reiteration of phrases. Whenever in Louisiana creole one finds a poem in which there is no recurrent motive or motives, it is tolerably certain that no colored man composed it. As a specimen of evidently apocryphal creole I may quote a stanza of the song "Dipé mo 'oir toi, Adèle," which has been set to music:

"Quan' mo pas 'oir toi, Adèle,
Mo senti m'apé mouri;
Mo vini comme ein chandelle
Qui apé allé fini;
Mo pas 'oir rien su la terre
Qui capab fai' moin plaisir;
Mo capab dans la rivière
Tété moin pou' pas souffrir."

It will be observed that in each of the quatrains composing the above eight-line stanza the first line rhymes with the third, and the second with the fourth. In true creole poetry such versification is scarcely ever found, although a far simpler form of rhyme is occasionally used. The recurrent motive or theme may change its position with every stanza; it may begin one line and terminate the next; it may disappear and reappear at irregular intervals, like a serpent crawling through a cotton patch, yet it is never totally absent. Veritable creole ballads are usually constructed of very slender material; they contain comparatively few images; but these images are as oddly combined and alternated as the patchwork upon an old-fashioned country bed-quilt:

"Belle Amerikaine,
Mo l'aimin toi!
Belle femme,
Mo l'aimin toi!

"M'allé à l'Havane
Pou coupé canne—
Pou bail toi l'arzan,
Belle Amerikaine!
M'allé à l'Havane, zamie,
Pou coupé canne, zamie,
Pou bail toi l'arzan,
Belle Amerikaine!
Cézaire,
Mo l'aimin toi!
Belle femme
Mo l'aimin toi!" etc.

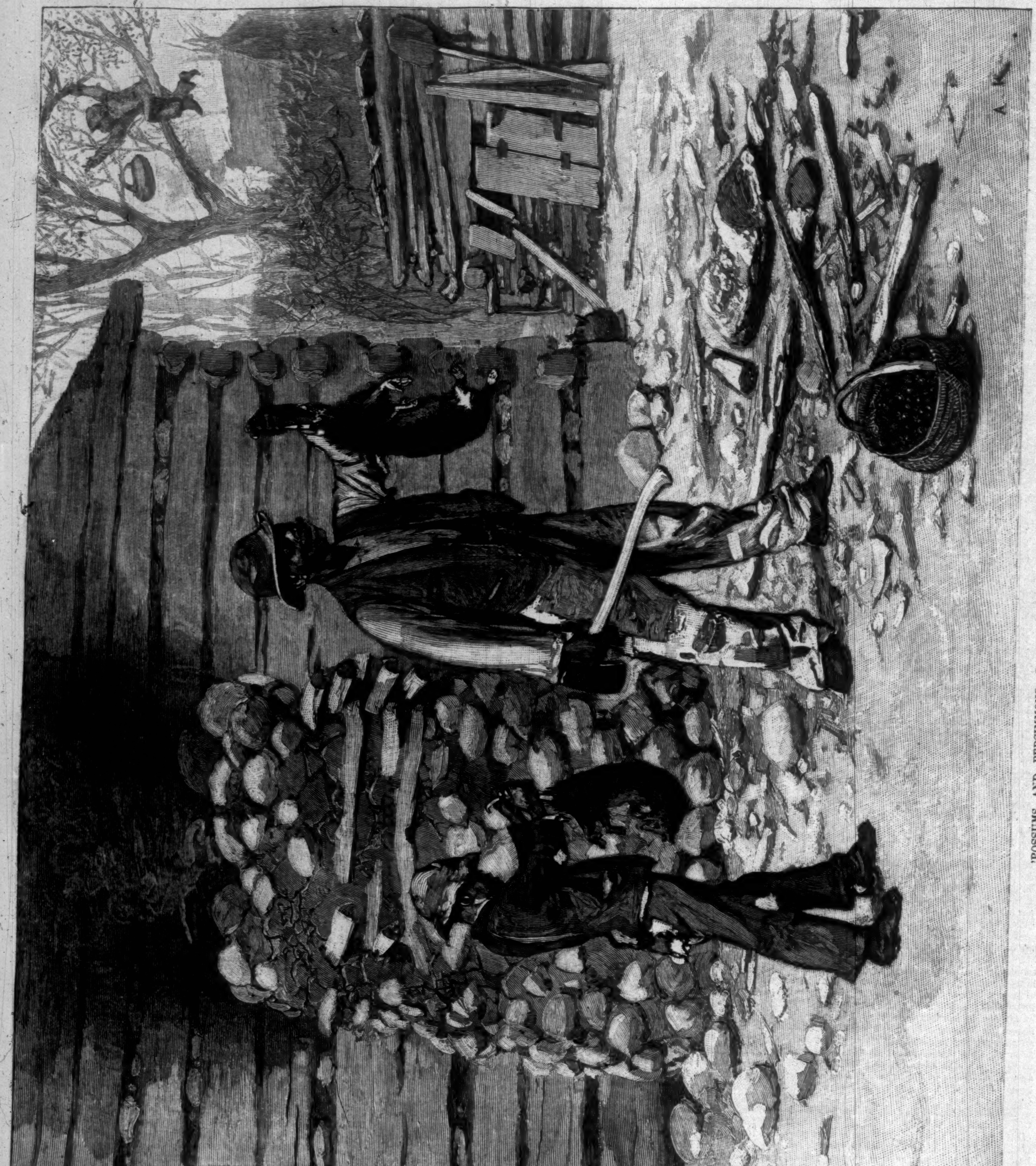
A popular creole ditty this, with a beautiful melancholy air, yet there is little in it save a reiterated declaration of love for the beautiful "American" *Cézaire* (probably an English-speaking colored stranger), and a promise to cut sugar-cane in Havana, so as to earn money for her. Among the older creole ballads a complete versified narrative may sometimes be found, but not often; the ditty usually presents a series of random fancies, connected only by the recurrent motive spun athwart them. Many of these melodious curiosities must have been lost, for we find numberless refrains wandering about like spirits disembodied, mournful witnesses to the existence of important ballads which have passed away forever. Analysis of these broken remnants often reveals some purely African elements. Old colored folk who remember how to dance the "Congo" and the "Calinda" still chant African choruses, but without knowing the meaning of the words. That such words should be remembered at all is probably due to the influence of fetich beliefs—to faith in the virtue of syllables muttered by Voudoo sorcerers in former times.

The animal fables are worthy of serious attention; they are full of grotesque humor, vivid fancy, and they offer the best material for study of the idiom. Furthermore, they are very rich in household sayings and original proverbs worthy of conservation. Another interesting portion of creole literature is purely satirical, intensely acute, but never positively violent. Among unpublished collections already made in New Orleans I have seen compositions in which various high and mighty personages of the old *régime* were lampooned with singular audacity, as though creole Louisiana had its periodical Saturnalia, when, as during the Roman festival, slaves might mock their masters *ad libitum*.

The apocryphal creole lyrics—the imitations of the slave songs by native *literati*—are distinguishable from the negro compositions, and possess less chrestomathic value, just as all the Spanish imitations of the *seguiriyas jitanas* are not worth one true gypsy ballad. Still, this *white* creole literature is not without intrinsic beauty, and in several of its best compositions set to music we find odd bits of negro créole occasionally preserved, like rare black pearls beaded with white ones. It is also to be observed that educated masters of the slave idiom have made capital translations into it from other languages, or taken down from dictation by former servants many admirable recitals, legends, ballads. Writing in creole for amusement is less frequent now than it was some years ago, when *Le Carillon* came out weekly with three-fourths of its columns in patois. The files of the dead periodical are philologic curiosities, and within them may be found many creole antiquities preserved, like ephemerides in amber. Even lately articles or letters in creole sometimes appear in those extraordinary parish papers printed in French without and in English within. The last creole satire published in *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans* was a metrical contribution ridiculing an unpopular sanitarian during the epidemic of 1878.

Among the colored population of the old quarter the creole survives like some plant that has almost ceased to flower, though the green has not yet departed from its leaves. One can find many scattered petals of folk-lore, few entire blossoms. Education is slowly but surely stifling the idiom. The later colored generation is proud of its correct French and its public-school English, and one must now seek out the older inhabitants of the carré in order to hear the songs of other days, or the fables which delighted the children of the old *régime*. Happily all the "colored creoles" are not insensible to the charm of their maternal dialect, nor abashed when the invading *Amerikain* superciliously terms it "Gombo." There are mothers who still teach their children the old songs—heirlooms of melody resonant with fetich words—threads of tune strung with *grigris* from the Ivory Coast. So likewise, we need not doubt, are transmitted the secrets of that curious natural pharmacy in which the colored nurses of Louisiana have manifested astounding skill—the secret of fragrant herb medicines which quench the fires of swamp fever, the secret of miraculous cataplasms which relieve congestions, the secret of odorous *tisanes* which restore vigor to torpid nerves—perhaps also the composition of those love philters hinted at in creole ballads, and the deadly *ouanga* art as bequeathed to modern Voudooism by the black Locustas of the eighteenth century.

LAFCADIO HEARN.



'POSSUMS AND PERSIMMONS.—Drawn by Alfred Kappes.

WINTER SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 43.]

1. Snowed in. 2. Sod House, Winter-Quarters. 3. Fishing through the Ice.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Woes of Jurymen.—"Darker Days."—The great Will Case.—Late for Dinner.—The Laureate's new Drama.—Cheap Coffins.—Clubs for Men and Women.

It was once remarked that "men were hung," meaning that short work was made with proving them guilty, "that jurymen might dine," so that the convenience of the latter would appear to have been consulted, though only at the expense of the criminal classes. Matters have changed with jurymen since then, and for the worse. There is no class connected with the administration of the law so habitually neglected or ill-treated. They are summoned from their own business to perform a public duty, which may occupy their time for days and even weeks, and for which they receive no compensation; they are kept hanging about in draughty passages in doubt as to whether they are wanted or not, and exposed to the impertinence of ushers and the snubs of officials. When used, they are packed like sardines in a box, with a "retiring-room" attached to it like a second-class waiting-room. In cases of felony they are forbidden to separate, and must even sleep in the same apartment till the trial is over. When the case is prolonged over a Sunday they can not return to their families. A judge expressed his hope the other day that the twelve gentlemen before him were of the same persuasion in religion, since they must either go to church together or not at all. Whatever verdict they may arrive at, unanimity is scarcely to be expected of them in the matter of creed. The Catholic will not go where he may hear the Pope abused, or the Unitarian to have his future depicted in glowing colors; and in the case in question the foreman, after due consultation with his colleagues, observed, with thanks to his lordship for the suggestion, that "they would all take a drive in the country." Fancy a drive in the country at the end of November, and taken, I suppose (since they might not be separated), either in an omnibus or an open brake! Our coroners' juries are even still more hardly treated. One had to "view" a body the other day of a man who had died of small-pox, to which, as was natural, they vehemently objected. They were family men, and afraid of infection. "I appeal to the coroner," said one of the twelve. "Are we compelled to endanger our lives?" They then "reluctantly proceeded" to discharge their duty.

The success of *Dark Days* has had its natural effect in producing a crop of parodies. "Bright Nights" is one of the happiest skits Mr. Burnand ever penned. *Much Darker Days*, with its first chapter headed "The Curse (Registered)," is also very laughable. Mr. Hugh Conway, however, it seems, thinks it no laughing matter. Mr. Burnand, he tacitly admits, is a chartered libertine, but no one else, he considers, has any right to turn his genius into ridicule. He has sent a lawyer's letter to the publisher of *Much Darker Days*, as well as a letter of his own, denouncing the sacrilegious act in the most unmeasured terms. If Mr. Conway had any humor among his other gifts, he would have enjoyed the harmless joke. The sincerest form of flattery, he must surely have heard it said, is imitation, and indeed common-sense ought to inform him that a parody is one of the greatest compliments which popularity can receive.

One of the strangest things about the curious Whalley will case is, I am told, what has been established concerning the survival of pencil-marks. If the conclusion arrived at is correct, it would appear that the tracings of black-lead are as lasting, if not so easily decipherable, as those of ink. You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will cling round it still; and, similarly, you may take your India rubber and rub and rub out pencil-marks till you have (apparently) rubbed the very paper away on which they are written, but after a time the writing will, under the microscope, appear again. The filaments of paper which you have rubbed *up*, but not *off*, still retain their marks, and after a time sink back to their own place and reveal them.

A curious disputation is going on in our society journals about the habit which certain guests always indulge in of coming late for dinner. The Prince of Wales is even implored to express his opinion against it, to the end that so objectionable a practice should be discontinued. It never seems to strike these scribes that in thus treating the matter they are guilty of the very snobbism which they pretend to deplore in their clients. The fact is that the fault lies not so much in the guests in question, though their ill-breeding and selfishness are manifest enough, but in the hosts who wait for them. It is only persons, I have noticed, of high rank or great wealth who venture to give themselves these airs, and the hosts are so mean and cowardly that they will keep all their other guests half starving and allow their dinners to be spoiled rather than incur the displeasure of the late arrivals by sitting down without them. In cases of this kind our society journals might really be of some service, but unhappily it is much more easy to be impudent than to be courageous.

The Laureate's new drama, *Becket*, contains not only some strong situations, but some very strong language. Some of the characters "swear at large," and on the least provocation, but I am not aware that the work has been suppressed at the libraries on this account. The poetic license which enables Rosomond to flit between her country bower and London with a speed hardly to be accounted for by an express, and certainly not by a "Parliamentary" train, is remarkable: space and time are annihilated to make two lovers unhappy. I am afraid his elevation to the Upper House has not raised the author's rank as a poet, and how I *do* wish he would let Goldsmith's *History of England* alone, and stick to the nineteenth century!

British undertakers are complaining that coffins, under pretense of their being mere packing cases for toys and other wooden articles, are being imported duty free. They assert with unconscious humor that these cheap receptacles for our poor clay "have all the faults that a coffin can have," but I suspect their chief objection to them is that they can be bought for from two shillings to five shillings apiece. For my part, I would just as soon be buried in a pine-wood coffin at two-and-sixpence as in a mahogany one with silver handles; and though I might hardly be said to survive its inconveniences, I am sure I should endure them without a murmur.

There is no end to the ramification of clubs of all kinds, which are adapting themselves to all ranks and both sexes; those which include women only, indeed, hardly ever succeed. The mortar is somehow wanting, without which the social fabric can not hold together; the salt is absent, without which such establishments can not "keep"—at all events, they seldom do keep beyond a few months. If the clubs common to both sexes aspire to be fashionable, they also are apt to be short-lived; the fast element soon introduces itself, and then all is over. But if propriety and comfort are equally studied, the experiment now seems successful enough. The difference between such establishments and those frequented by men only is very marked. Notwithstanding the sarcasm levelled at women's tongues, there is much less talking in these places than in men's clubs; it must be acknowledged there is also less of sociality. The women are in the majority, and mothers and daughters keep themselves to themselves, without seeking to make acquaintance with their own sex; very little wine is drunk, and there is much more lunching than dining. On the other hand—though it does not add to the funds of the club—there is an immense deal of letter-writing. The only males employed on the premises are the hall porter and the pages. The coffee-room service is performed by waitresses—Ariels who do their spiriting without noise, but also without much alacrity. They are not afraid, of course, of any one tapping his glass with fretful impatience, and inquiring whether a sheep has to be killed before his chop can make its appearance. I notice that the smoking-rooms are scarcely ever used: the men that belong to these clubs do not indulge in tobacco, nor, indeed, I should say, in any other vice. A (comparatively) wicked husband is sometimes invited to dine with his wife, and it is very pretty to see her playing the hostess to him, and the unaccustomed guest on his best behavior.

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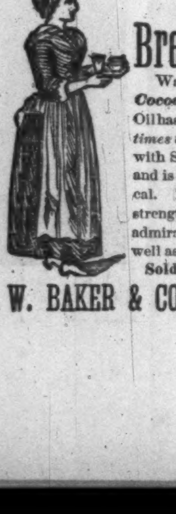

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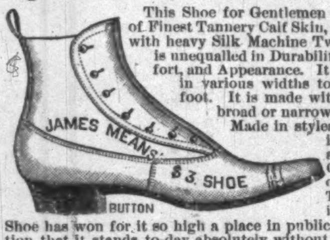

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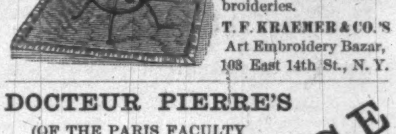

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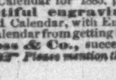

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